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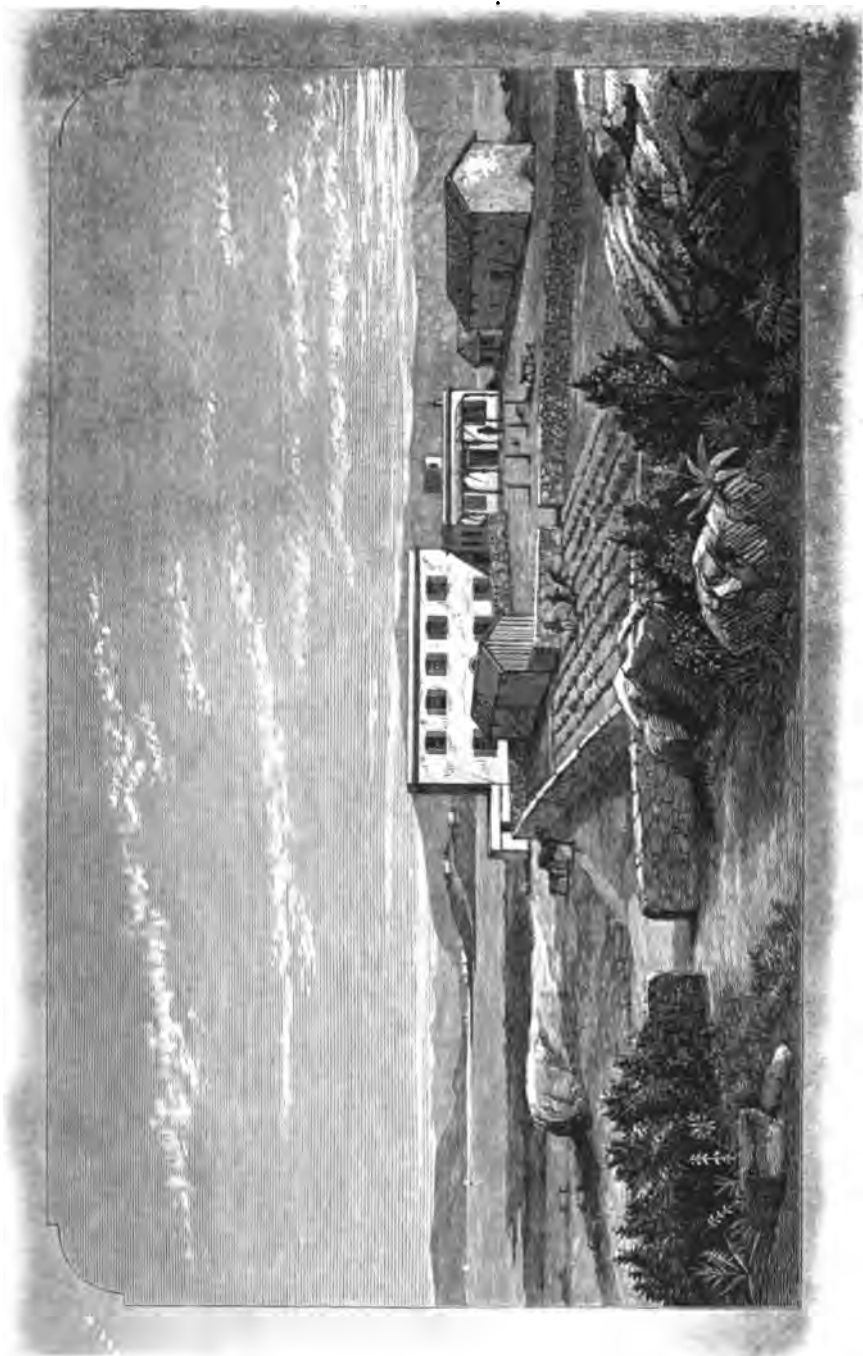
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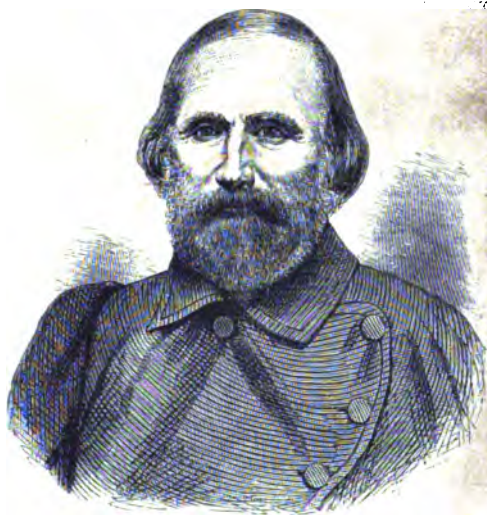
THE HOME OF GAMBALDI.



GARIBALDI AT HOME:

NOTES OF A VISIT

TO CAPRERA.



BY

SIR CHARLES R. McGRIGOR, BART.

LONDON:

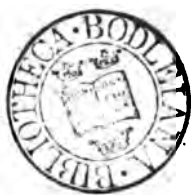
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P R E F A C E.

TH**ERE** are some events in the lives of most men which make strong impressions on their minds—impressions the durability of which must depend chiefly on the aid which they receive from memory. However, as that faculty is not always a faithful guardian of the past, even with regard to events quite out of the ordinary routine of a person's life, and more than usually interesting to him, a desire to commit to print such recollections as one may desire to preserve appears at once natural and reasonable.

The author's sojourn with Garibaldi in his home at Caprera, his introduction to some of that distinguished man's honoured associates at Genoa, and his passage through scenes of beauty on his

way to the Straits of Bonifacio, have made impressions on his mind which he is anxious to preserve in all their original distinctness, uneffaced and even unimpaired by the hand of time; and this desire was the motive which induced him to write a short narrative of his excursion.

The author's journey was not altogether of a private nature. The subscribers in London and its environs for a yacht to the ex-Dictator of Naples deputed him to proceed last winter to Caprera, as the bearer of their request that the noble inhabitant of that island would be pleased to accept their present. To cross the Alps, the Apennines, and the ocean for such a purpose was an agreeable duty to the present writer; and the recollection of that journey will be rendered still more pleasing to him if the following brief narrative should prove acceptable to his readers.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

A Suitable Mark of Esteem for Garibaldi—Determination to present him with a Yacht—Commencement of my Journey to Italy—Calais to Paris by Railway—The Rues Castiglione and Rivoli—Railway from Paris to St. Michel—Maçon—Lamartine—The Charms of Nature—Savoy—Alpine Scenery—Thoughts suggested by the Scenes through which I passed—My Companions across the Pass of Mont Cenis—The Arc—Susa—From Turin to Genoa—Asti—Genoa *la superba*—The Church of the Annunziata—Nature and Art—Leghorn—Secure a Passage for the Maddalena—On board the *Umbria*—Capraja—An Italian Professor—Capo dell' Orso, and other Islands—The Progenitors of Garibaldi—Arrival at Capraera 3

CHAPTER II.

Garibaldi at Home—Presentation of Addresses—Subscribers for the Yacht—The Greatness of London—A Musical Evening—Major Specchj—The Wind at Capraera—On Board the Yacht—A Dangerous Channel—Garibaldi's Seamanship—Tavolara—The Goats of the Island—Its Population—Extemporizing a Dinner—Sardinia—Night in the Gulf of Congianus—A Conversation on Books—Ugo Foscolo—Tasso—Milton's Imitations of the "Gerusalemme Liberata"—Addison's Criticisms—Chase for a Sard—A Sardinian Cottage—The Influence of Garibaldi—Company at Dinner—Conversation with Garibaldi on South America—Rosas—The Great Liberator as a Sea-Captain—The Island of Santa Sophia—I Perduti—End of the First Cruise—Garibaldi's Island Home . . . 39

CHAPTER III.

The Lentisk—Scio under Genoese Government—Revenue derived from Gum-mastic—Cause of the Loss of Scio—Pliny on the Healing Powers of Lentisk—Its Value in the Arts and Manufactures—The Maddalena—Why Garibaldi fixed his Home in Caprera—Longevity in the Maddalena—Porto Pullo—The First House built in Caprera—Rape of the Women of the Maddalena—The Maddalena and Neighbouring Islands appropriated by Sardinia—Formation of a Naval Depot—The Roads of Agincourt—The Mountain Tejalone—Good Company while Reading—The Cavallo—A Flock of Bishops in Sardinia—Silence of History regarding Caprera—Capraja—Climate and Soil of Caprera—Cultivation of Cotton in Sardinia retarded by the Ignorance and Intolerance of its Inhabitants—Garibaldi's Desire for the Increase of Commerce with England—Chutnee—Garibaldi's Description of the Mango Tree—Fresh Milk	85
--	----

CHAPTER IV.

Conversations with Garibaldi—A Relic of Anita—Garibaldi on the Brazilian Coast—Loss of the <i>Rio Pardo</i> —Gallant Conduct of Garibaldi—A Cottage in the Province of St. Catherine—Garibaldi's Courtship and Marriage—A Novel Honeymoon Excursion—A Sea-Fight—Fortitude and Bravery of Anita—Encounter on the Lake of Imerui—Conveying Stores ashore—Care of the Wounded—Made Prisoner at the Battle of Santa Vittoria—Romantic Escape—Dangerous Journey in search of Garibaldi—Menotti's Birth and Roughly-cradled Infancy—Journey through the Gloomy Forest Das Antas—Garibaldi's Return to Italy—Surrender of Rome and Departure of the Patriot Chief—Death of Anita—Menotti's Herculean Strength—Riciotti and his Favourite Pursuits—Teresa—Impolicy of Intolerance—Garibaldi's Aversion to Popery—Extract from his Speech at Palermo—Wounded and Captured by the Troops of Rosas—Unremitting Care of a Young Military Surgeon—Tortured by an Officer of Rosas—The General's Affability—His Guests—Departure from Caprera	115
---	-----

CHAPTER V.

Across the Straits of Bonifacio—Unwillingness of the Boatmen to go to Sea—Sail to the Maddalena—An English Officer's Invitation to Dinner—His Excellent Wine and Interesting Conversation—The Wine of Sardinia—The Anniversary of Saint Andrew—Delayed by the "Tramontana"—The Captain's Land Excursion—A Proposed Change of Route—Scenery in the Straits of Bonifacio—Last Sight of Caprera—Steering amid a Labyrinth of Small Islands—Loss of an Italian Frigate on the Lavazzi—Exploits of the Marquis of Bonifacio—The Monuments of a Great Name—Speculations on the Destiny of Corsica and Sardinia—The Resources of Sardinia—Proposed Railway from North to South—Spaniards in Sardinia—Vote of the Italian Parliament to an English Railway Company—The Coast of Corsica—Off Bastia—Arrival at Leghorn—The Riviera di Levante—Construction of a Naval Depot at Spezia—Genoa and the Dorias . . . 155

CHAPTER VI.

Conversation with Pietro Ripari—His Imprisonment by the Papal Government—His Fellow-Prisoners in the Carceri Nuove—His Removal to the Prison of St. Michel—Irreverent Reception of two Ecclesiastical Dignitaries—Means taken to prevent a Repetition of the Offence—Ripari's Condemnation to the Galleys—His Imprisonment at Ancona, Rome, and Palliano—His Removal to Marseilles—The Inhumanity of the "Vicar of Christ"—The Conversation of Colonel C—e—Garibaldi's Invasion of Naples—Events of the Sicilian Campaign—The Condition of Genoa—Its Palaces and their Picture Galleries—Purchase of Coral Ornaments—Dangers of the Coral Fishery—Garibaldi's Wound—Unfavourable Symptoms produced by his Removal—Extraction of the Bullet—Excursion to Chiavari—Garibaldi's Descent—The Oranges of Nervi—Aspect of Genoa—Commemoration of its Deliverance from Austrian Oppression—The Noble Conduct of Lomellini—Reminiscences of the Youth of Garibaldi . . . 175

CHAPTER VII.

The Waldensian Church and Service—Antiquity of the Church of the Vaudois—"The Men of the Valley" denounced in Ancient Roman Catholic Manuscripts—The Institution of Monasteries—Opposition to Innovations in Forms of Worship—Heresies denounced by the Council of Arras—Persecutions of the Vaudois in 1665 arrested by Cromwell—Religious Toleration in Italy—The Useful Labours of Sir Samuel Morland—His History of the Evangelical Churches of the Valleys of Piedmont—The Religious Principles of the Vaudois—Their Persecutors—Contradictory Edicts of the Dukes of Savoy—Their Ingratitude to their Vaudois Subjects—Conformity between the Doctrines of the Roman Church of the Fourth Century and those of the Waldensian Churches—Toleration shown by the Bishops of Lyons, Turin, and Milan—Imputations on the Integrity of Sir Samuel Morland—Recent Increase in the Number of Waldensian Churches 221

CHAPTER VIII.

The Doctrines of the Waldensian Church—Sacraments—Justification by Faith alone—Good Works—Election and Free Will—The Fall of Man—The Atonement—The Great Council of Nicæa—Arius, Athanasius, and Constantine—The Three Persons of the Trinity—Opinions regarding the Church—Its Ministers and Government—The Waldensian Form of Worship—Milton on Instrumental Music and Incense in Churches—The Forbearance and Charity of the Waldenses—The Sabbath and Holy Days—The Seventh Book of "Paradise Lost" a Paraphrase of the First Chapter of Genesis—Opposition of the Waldenses to Legislative Enactments for the Observance of Sunday—The Invocation of Saints and Angels—The Sincerity and Resolution of the Vaudois in the Maintenance of their Faith—Their Humanity to their Enemies in War 241

CHAPTER IX.

Sir Samuel Morland—His Connection with Cromwell and with the Royalists—Sir Richard Willis's Plot—Particulars of the

Conspiracy overheard by Sir Samuel Morland—His Narrow Escape, and Determination to divulge the Plot—The Murder of Charles II. prevented—Reasons for doubting the Reality of this Plot—Alleged Visit of Morland to the King at Breda—The Date of Morland's Knighthood—Two Interesting Manuscripts—Reasons for the Honours conferred on Morland—Particulars from an Unpublished Autobiography—Perplexity of Morland on the Discovery of the Plot—Despatch of Major Henshaw to Charles in Holland—The Conspiracy frustrated—Character and Abilities of Sir Samuel Morland—The Route from Genoa to England—The Three Valleys of the Vaudois—Determine to return Home by the Pass of Mont Cenis	271
--	-----

CHAPTER X.

Scenery between Genoa and Serravalle—The Scrivia—The Bormida and Tanaro—From Asti to Turin—An Article in "the Leading Journal"—The Pass of Mont Cenis—Accident to "the Diligence"—Susa—A Lofty Mountain—Descent of the Alps in Sledges—Lanslebourg—Morning in the Alps—The Frozen Arc—Persecution of the Vaudois—Arnaud—The Colour of the Arc—An Alpine Citadel—French Soldiers—The Conquerors of the Alps—A Tunnel through the Alps—The Source of the Arc—The Scenery in the Neighbourhood of St. Michel—The Railway through Savoy—Feudal Castles in Burgundy—Effects of the Subdivision of Property in France—From the Alps to Folkestone—The Aspects of Nature—The Attractions of Sardinia—The Independence and Disinterestedness of Garibaldi—His Intellectual Abilities and Moral Character	289
--	-----

CHAPTER I.

A SUITABLE MARK OF ESTEEM FOR GARIBALDI—DETERMINATION TO PRESENT HIM WITH A YACHT—COMMENCEMENT OF MY JOURNEY TO ITALY—CALAIS TO PARIS BY RAILWAY—THE RUES CASTIGLIONE AND RIVOLI—RAILWAY FROM PARIS TO ST. MICHEL—MAÇON—LAMARTINE—THE CHARMS OF NATURE—SAVOY—ALPINE SCENERY—THOUGHTS SUGGESTED BY THE SCENES THROUGH WHICH I PASSED—MY COMPANIONS ACROSS THE PASS OF MONT CENIS—THE ARC—SUSA—FROM TURIN TO GENOA—ASTI—GENOA LA SUPERBA—THE CHURCH OF THE ANNUNZIATA—NATURE AND ART—LEGHORN—SECURE A PASSAGE FOR THE MADDALENA—ON BOARD THE “UMBRIA”—CAPRAJA—AN ITALIAN PROFESSOR—CAPO DELL’ORSO, AND OTHER ISLANDS—THE PROGENITORS OF GARIBALDI—ARRIVAL AT CAPRERA.

CHAPTER I.

IN the year 1864, some of General Garibaldi's innumerable admirers decided on presenting to him a suitable mark of their esteem. Perhaps their chief difficulty consisted in the General's well-known aversion to receive even the semblance of a reward, or to lie under any personal obligation for the great benefits which he had bestowed on millions. If, therefore, the intended present should be one of magnitude, it would doubtless be refused. Fortunately it was decided to offer him a well-built and fast-sailing yacht of fifty tons. By his acceptance of such a present, the lofty spirit of Garibaldi could suffer no abatement of dignity. By his refusal of it, the feelings of his disinterested admirers would be wounded ; and from giving this unnecessary pain, the gentle spirit of Garibaldi would naturally recoil. As to his tastes, they are

maritime. As to his abode in Caprera, that island is only five miles long and two broad. There are numerous islands in its vicinity, but between Caprera and those islands scarcely any communication exists. In such a place of abode, a vessel must be far more necessary than a carriage would be in many other places. In short, the present was in every way suitable and appropriate. I shared so little in the labour or trouble connected with this present, that I can afford to praise it without the imputation of prejudice or vanity. On me devolved only the pleasing and easy duty of going out to Caprera with two addresses. Certainly my equanimity was destroyed before going, by seeing repeatedly in print the news, as it was called, that Garibaldi had refused the yacht. There was fortunately at Caprera an English Colonel, who held a good position in England, and also a good place in the General's esteem. Therefore, I comforted myself with thinking that the English Colonel would eradicate from the General's mind the effects of all erroneous representations about the yacht. As for the Alps in November and December, the

passage of them would be bracing, invigorating, and altogether delightful. But here, lest it should escape me, let me remark that I have seen far more snow in Italy than in England this winter. Snow was rarely out of my sight after quitting England, and cold indeed were the gusts of wind from the Alps, the Apennines, and the Corsican mountains.

I left London on that day when a new ruler or Mayor ascends the vacant city throne. It was a day of

“Pomp without guilt, of bloodless swords and maces,
Glad chains, warm furs, broad banners, and broad faces.”

It was not, however, until nine o'clock in the evening that I quitted London. My desire being to reach Caprera as quickly as possible, I continued travelling during those hours when

“Mayor and Sheriffs hushed and satiate lay,
But eat in dreams the custards of the day.”

I cannot, however, quote these lines of the

poet, who often took pleasure in sneering at dignities, without expressing my opinion that few men arrive at high positions in such a city as London without first going through an ordeal which must severely try their merits and test their qualifications. Therefore, I hold in much esteem the Mayor and Sheriffs of the great metropolis.

A little before midnight, on the 9th of November, I stepped on board the steamboat at Dover. The sea had a glassy appearance, and so fine was the weather, that I now believe it accelerated my recovery from a slight accident. Soon afterwards, while I was whirling from Calais to Paris by the railway, I thought of the sensations of those guests, among the numerous assemblage at the banquet the night before, who might have been abandoning themselves to two basins of turtle soup, and other vain pleasures, forgetful of the proverb, that "*S'abstenir pour jouir, c'est l'épicurisme de la raison.*" The fumes of excess are not so soon dispelled as the shades of night. So thought I while the sun was rising, and soon afterwards I arrived in Paris. Here I

regretted to find the opportunities of locomotion less frequent in November than in the months of summer. I was thus unable till the evening to continue my journey.

Part of the time during which I was detained in Paris, was spent in wandering about the streets which bear the names of those famous battles, Rivoli and Castiglione, also the Rue de la Paix, and the Place de la Concorde. Castiglione brought to my mind events in the histories of the present, and also of the great Napoleon. It was the victory obtained there by the French arms which both tempted and enabled Napoleon the First to overrun Venetia, and attain those successes, the first chapter of which terminated with the peace of Campo Formio. It was the victory obtained in the immediate neighbourhood of Castiglione, viz., at Solferino, by the French and Piedmontese troops, which induced the present Napoleon not to penetrate into Venetia, but to annex Nice and Savoy to France as a reward for his aid to Victor Emmanuel.

From the Rue Castiglione my thoughts soon

afterwards were turned towards the Place de la Bastille and the Rue St. Jacques, which I had traversed with interest at the time of Cavaignac's advent to power, in June, 1848, walking then over heaps of rubbish and traces of havoc, and also gazing at houses riddled by shot, but devoid of windows, and much besides. For a short time I indulged my memory with these past scenes, and then I directed my thoughts, but not my steps, towards the Rue de la Paix and the Place de la Concorde, with a sincere desire that these two last places might be in the best sense of the word enlarged. These thoughts led me to wish that the present ruler of France, whether he has swum to Empire through the purple flood of a *coup d'état* or not, might cease to meddle in the affairs of his neighbours; and also that, by devoting his great talents to the public good, he might prove himself henceforth both the friend of liberty and the Napoleon of peace.

A few hours after sunset I entered the railway carriage on the line which connects Paris with St. Michel in Savoy. Sometime before

sunrise next day the train reached Maçon, and here I had the pleasure of drinking a cup of warm coffee. That beverage, which is very agreeable to my taste, was especially refreshing to me on a cold morning in November. After drinking the coffee, I was reminded of the wine of Maçon, which is a light kind of Burgundy; but I did not feel any inclination to compare its strength with that of the coffee. It is said that Maçon is celebrated for its wine, but it is far more justly distinguished for being the birthplace of the historian, poet, and politician, Lamartine. It had been my fate to arrive in Paris in the summer of the year 1848, a few days after Lamartine's retirement from office, and then to find his name rather deserted by that popularity which rarely fails to attend success. During the spring of that year the *aura popularis* was strongly in his favour; but the gale of popularity is perhaps more fickle and changeable than the wind; and in the case of Lamartine it had shifted so completely, that he became very unpopular in the month of June, 1848, at Paris. However,

the people of Maçon, although they once rejected him as their representative, have generally shewn more respect for him than the Parisians; and Lamartine has also expressed feelings of attachment to the place of his birth in lines of beautiful and enduring poetry.

Leaving Maçon, we soon approached Bourg, which can also boast of being the birthplace of a great man; not of a poet like Lamartine, but of the celebrated astronomer, Lelande. Then we whirled past a number of villages diminishing apparently in size, but increasing much in beauty of situation. The monotony of *la belle France* gradually gave way to rocks and ruined castles, while many a gushing stream intersected the long and winding valleys through which we were hastening. On either side of these valleys the heights as we advanced seemed to become more steep and lofty. Oftentimes they stood almost in front of us, as if to bar our onward course; but the curves on this line of railway being numerous, the carriages whirled easily through these rocky labyrinths.

This mode of travelling, though it may be unfavourable to viewing scenery, was well suited to my purpose, which was to reach Caprera speedily, and yet it gave me opportunities, though short and transient, of enjoying those charms which Nature had scattered with so much liberality around me. How pure and valuable are her gifts, and how profuse is she of them! So thought I, as I looked at the little village of Ambérieux lying close to the base of a rock which is surmounted by the ruins of an old castle. Then I looked at the terraces of vineyards, and I could not help thinking what a relief they must be, when in their autumnal bloom, to the dark colour of the huge masses of overhanging rock which we saw in all directions near Ambérieux. At that place we were near the foot of the Jura mountains, and soon after leaving it we began to enter the valley of the Rhone.

In a short time we were in Savoy, and then, after passing Chambéry, together with a few other places, we came in view of the lake of Bourget. Between its crystal waters and the numerous

rugged mountains which look down upon it, the contrast was remarkable. All save this placid lake was wild, but as we penetrated further into Savoy the wildness of the scenery greatly increased. The earth seemed as if it were swelling or heaving with grandeur, while around us mountains, like giants of nature, capped with snow, and encircled with clouds, appeared to stand as sentinels to the mighty Alps. Occasionally I fixed my eye on some mountain which towered eminently high. A cloud at first seemed to conceal its summit, but it only seemed, for that summit on a second look was seen emerging high above the cloud. My eye then became wearied in tracing that height which Nature apparently had contrived, as if to show how earth might pierce to heaven, yet leave vain man below.

This diorama of the scenery of nature ceased moving for about half an hour, and during this interval the passengers remained at the small village of St. Michel, on the banks of the swiftly-flowing river Arc. The grandeur which there surrounded us was sufficient to expand the spirit

and delight the eye. As for me, the thoughts of the present seemed to mingle themselves in my mind both with those of the past and those of the future. The mountains which rose thousands of feet above me, made me think of the mountain-majesty of worth of that unbought warrior whose unambitious heart and hand had gained so many stainless victories in true glory's cause. The swift and arrowy Arc, with its clear blue wave dashing irresistibly over the huge masses of rock, which vainly tried to check its progress, made me think of the triumphs over difficulties, apparently insurmountable, which that same unbought warrior had achieved in freedom's cause. The Alpine snows far above me, with their imperishable purity, made me think of that unsullied name which shall, from its own bright immortality, look down on the names of those despots, whose tyranny is now crushing, as far as possible, the "gift divine" to man of speech and thought, and whose deeds, therefore, will darken the page of history. In short, the absence of art at St. Michel, and its vicinity to the palaces of Nature, as

an English poet calls the Alps, made me, while resting there, think of the natural simplicity and greatness of that warrior in a good cause whom I had left England to visit. The term warrior may suggest the idea of terror ; but Nature also, though profuse of her gifts, is not always smiling, and in her icy halls of the Alps, where she forms the avalanche, she may seem awful and terrible. Yet even there she is generous, and repeatedly have her Alpine recesses proved a safe retreat and stronghold to the Waldenses against the fury of their enemies. After dwelling on the goodness of Nature, my thoughts turned again to that character in which is blended so much of force, gentleness, and dignity. Thus, instead of those Alpine rocks which had formerly sheltered the Waldenses, I thought of the great modern champion of the oppressed, whose firmness, though often tried, has never once been moved by the violent shock of battle. Instead of Alpine snows, I thought of the patriot whose moral purity, or, as an English writer calls it, whiteness of soul, has given strength and dignity to the cause of freedom. I

thought of the conqueror whose gentleness has invariably recoiled at acts of cruelty, and of the Dictator whose moderation has shrunk from any excess of power. In short, I thought of Garibaldi.

At length the diligences were ready for conveying us across the pass of Mont Cenis. The carriage which I entered was well packed, and its contents were varied. In front of me were a Spanish priest, a German lady, and an Italian gentleman; while on the same side as myself were a Scotchman and a Frenchman. The priest, who was on his way to Rome, and not to Caprera, denounced liberal opinions as "cose brutte." He had left Madrid about the same time as I quitted London. The Scotchman was going to Leghorn. He was a member of the Presbyterian Free Church, but, as may be supposed, he did not obtrude his religious opinions on the mind of the Spanish Romanist. The German lady talked a little about Goethe, and the Italian gentleman about Ossian, whose works have been ably translated by Cesarotti. Possibly the works of that

poet may not have seemed altogether unsuited to the grandeur of those scenes amid which our conveyance began to toil upwards after leaving St. Michel.

Soon after we commenced ascending, fir-trees became scanty, and gradually all trace of vegetation disappeared. However, the monotony of snow and bleakness was interrupted by lofty cascades, whose volumes of water dashed impetuously downwards. It was also interrupted by a river; though the etymology of that word must convey an imperfect idea of the Arc, which cannot be said to flow so much as to rush downwards from its native glaciers. Repeatedly we crossed and recrossed the bridges which span its stormy current. Oftentimes we were sufficiently near it to observe the foam which rose upward, and which seemed to mark its encounter with some huge rock. Doubtless the Arc, while vehemently hastening down to meet the Iser, shatters many a large rock, and probably the roar of its waters is occasionally increased by these encounters. What a fine break to the general silence of these Alpine regions must

be the sound of waters, whether of rivers, torrents, or cascades ! Thus thought I, while gazing at the Arc, till its wild beauties became veiled in the darkness of night.

A few hours after sunset our ascent was retarded by the snow. Sometimes the horses stood still, and sometimes they swung our diligence from one side of the road to the other. This performance of swinging, though done gently, seemed to affect the nerves of one of the passengers ; even to the extent of thinking that he might be flung or swung into a chasm. When we were near the summit of the pass, which is almost seven thousand feet above the level of the sea, the animals halted, and showed great reluctance to proceed. As it was somewhat a cold resting-place in the month of November, and about the hour of midnight, I was glad when we moved onward.

Soon after starting from this elevated halting-place, we began to hasten downwards by zigzag roads till we reached Susa, where we waited perhaps more than an hour the opportunity of going by railway to Turin. As for Susa, it then ap-
peared

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peared dirty, dark, and dismal. However, a few hours before daybreak in the month of November is neither the time nor the season when any place is to be seen very advantageously.

As soon as the railway carriages were ready to convey us we left Susa for Turin, where we arrived between three and four o'clock in the morning. I do not know what became of the Spanish priest and the Scotch Presbyterian, or of the rest of the passengers, at Turin; but after the lapse of two hours there I hastened on to Genoa. Between the old capital of Piedmont and the far more ancient capital of the Ligurian Republic the line of railway passes through a country partly abounding and partly deficient in beauty. The morning, however, was too dark for the enjoyment of scenery. The first station of importance at which we stopped was Asti, which has a twofold celebrity; being remarkable for giving birth to Alfieri, the poet, and also for producing one of the best of the Italian wines. Yet this wine, though renowned in Italy, must be rather cooling for the climate of Piedmont, especially during the months

of winter. However, if the wine of Asti be cold the temperament of its poet Alfieri appears to have been quite the reverse. Great, indeed, seems to have been the fermentation, not of the juice of the grape at Asti, but of the brain of Alfieri, during the time of the French Revolution, at the close of the eighteenth century. His passions were ardent. He hated the principles of Frenchmen, and he admired the beauty of Prince Charles's widow, to whom it is said he was privately married.

While I was reflecting on this connection of Alfieri with the widow of a Prince of the House of Stuart, the train halted at the station of Alessandria, in the centre of a level country, and near the banks of a muddy part of the river Tanaro. Fortunately we did not remain long in this uninteresting district, but were whirled onwards to Bussala, where the scenery gradually becomes beautiful. The level country there gives place to the Apennines; the muddy and sluggish Tanaro to the clear and dashing river Scrivia, and the want of vegetation to vines, oranges, and olives; in short, beauty was again predominant. Amidst

towering hills, rushing streams, and luxuriant vegetation there was much to delight the eye; but as I approached the Mediterranean, on whose bosom lies Caprera, my mind wandered towards its illustrious inhabitant. While my thoughts were thus occupied, we arrived at Genoa *la superba*, in which it is said the family of Garibaldi has been established for many centuries.

Immediately after my arrival in Genoa, I made inquiries, not about the packet-boats to Caprera, for there are none, but about the best mode of reaching that island. Soon I learnt that a vessel sailed weekly to Porto Torres in Sardinia, calling at Leghorn, Bastia in Corsica, and the Maddalena, which last island is in the vicinity of Caprera. How useful, I then thought, must be a yacht at the numerous smaller islands near the Straits of Bonifacio, as there is not a packet-boat which goes to any of them except the Maddalena. Praise, therefore, seems due to those who have obtained so suitable a present as a yacht for General Garibaldi. The use of such a vessel would indeed have been most acceptable to me at Genoa, because

the steamboat was not to sail to the Maddalena or to Sardinia for several days. Not liking this delay, I determined to go to Leghorn, hoping to find there some earlier opportunity of reaching the end of my journey.

As only a few hours would elapse before the vessel would sail to Leghorn, I resolved to defer my visit to the palaces and churches of Genoa until my return homewards. However, the door of the Church of the Annunziata being open when I was about to pass it, I could not refrain from entering it, so pleasing was my recollection of its beauties on the occasion of a former visit. The interior of it is almost gorgeous, but not gaudy. The roof is finely painted by Giovanni Carlone, who excelled in the art of fresco-painting. The cupola is adorned by some of the works of Giovanni Andrea Ansaldo. Both these artists were born in Genoese territory. This made an impression on my mind some years previously, by appearing like the exception to a general rule; because the Genoese, although they surpassed most nations in building ships and palaces, were not

generally endowed with the talents of poetry and painting. Perhaps they were too utilitarian, and too much bent on making money. Fortunately, after amassing wealth, they became liberal encouragers of the art of painting throughout Europe, and with the productions of foreign talent they embellished their palaces far more than their churches. However, the Annunziata contains several remarkable paintings, among which are "The Last Supper," over the entrance of the church, by Giulio Cesare Procaccino, a native of Bologna, and at the side of the altar "Christ Crucified," by Francesco Scotti, a Venetian. There is also much red and white marble in this church, where I loitered during a part of that short interval of time which elapsed before I proceeded onward to Caprera.

There is no part of the Church of the Annunziata which is not embellished by art. In the midst of the pleasure which I derived from looking around me in that beautiful edifice, where so much has been lavished to captivate the senses, I asked myself how would that learned and tasteful critic

of several portions of Holy Writ, Mason Good, have liked the Church of the Annunziata at Genoa? Far happier, perhaps, would he have been in his library, while there engaged in criticising or translating the Book of Job, and in feasting his intellect on its treasures of epic beauty and sublimity, which exceed, Mr. Pope says, beyond all comparison, the most noble parts of Homer. However, if Revelations, 'Isaiah, Job, and some other portions of the Divine volume can best be appreciated by Chalmers, Mason Good, Cumming, and men like them who are endowed with a high order of intellect, yet many of those fine edifices, which human skill has dedicated to the Author of the universe, will ever give pleasure to the lovers of art, and also to the multitude. So I thought while hastening out of the Church of the Annunziata, hoping at the same time to be able to revisit it on a future occasion.

If the beauty of those temples which taste and piety have erected in honour of the Deity could induce a greater number of persons not only to enter them, but also to devote themselves to the

study of the inspired Book, that beauty would undoubtedly possess a high degree of utility. However, in the *Annunziata*, and some other fine churches, the Bible does not monopolize the attention of those present. On the contrary, there is an invocation of many saints who are unnoticed in the Scriptures; who, indeed, did not begin to live until some centuries after the writing of the sacred volume had been finished. But if not mentioned in that book, they have at least been canonized by the head of the Church; and those who conscientiously offer their prayers to these canonized ladies and gentlemen are entitled to a certain amount of respect for their opinions. Many of these saints have no doubt been pioneers of the truth in distant lands, and have endeavoured to spread copies of that divine book, which will always be read and admired wherever the intellects of men are not weakened or their hearts depraved.

While I was indulging in these reflections, my thoughts turned on Garibaldi's pocket Testament. Many copies of the Bible he possesses, but none

of them are so well adapted in size for campaigning as this small Testament, which was published in Florence in the year 1849, when the Pope, during the interregnum at Rome, was a refugee in the territory of the King of Naples. Antonio Martini was the translator, and Giovanni Benelli the printer of this Testament for the pocket. The type, though small, appeared to me exceedingly clear and legible. It may have been often read by Garibaldi in places where flashed the red artillery of the disciplined battalions of France, Austria, or Naples ; and when the sounds which echoed in his ears were less soft than the notes of the organ and other music. However, as the inhabitant of Caprera has never shown either fear of death or a desire to lay up treasures on earth, and has never trusted in riches after the fashion of so many professing Christians, it is not improbable that his morals may have been purified, and his courage inspired by that book which has often been his companion amidst extraordinary dangers and hardships.

After leaving the Church of the Annunziata,

I ascended to the higher parts of Genoa. During my walk, I thought first of the Bible, then of Garibaldi, and afterwards of Milton's lines about that Being "who doth prefer before all temples the upright heart and pure." While I was repeating these few significant words of the poet, and thinking also of the upright heart of the patriot, I approached the Church of Santa Maria in Carignano, which stands on very elevated ground. I had no spare time then to enter the sacred building; but I was able to take a hurried view of the united attractions of Nature and of Art which lay below me. Within my view was that city where Christopher Columbus studied geometry; that gulf where the galleys of Doria were often anchored; and that blue Mediterranean which, perhaps, of all the seas and oceans in the world, is the most interesting. Not only has Nature poured on its shores and on its very numerous islands the charms of lovely scenery, but those charms have been greatly enhanced by poetry, history, and mythology. The first of these suggests the Iliad, the Odyssey,

the *Æneid*, and many other works of genius ; and the second calls to mind the names of Carthage and other towns destroyed, but not forgotten. Shakespeare has laid the scene of his " *Tempest*," and of several other plays, in the Mediterranean. As for its mythology, it has been described by the best Greek and Latin poets, and by many others besides. Among these is the great epic poet of England, who thus alludes to the fall of Vulcan into one of the islands of the Mediterranean,

" Thrown by angry Jove

Clear o'er the crystal battlements : from morn
To noon he fell, from noon to dewy eve,
A summer's day ; and with the setting sun
Dropt from the zenith like a falling star
On Lemnos the *Ægean* isle."

In short, the mythology of some parts of the Mediterranean is almost as celebrated as its history, poetry, and scenery. But I was soon to embark on its waters for that Tuscan land which can boast of being the birthplace of Dante, whose old family name of *Durante* would perhaps more become his genius. So I descended to the shore, and went

on board the steamboat. We sailed from Genoa *la superba* some hours after sunset, and before the next sunrise we lay at anchor in the port of Leghorn.

I soon learnt at Leghorn that to reach my destination I must wait the arrival of the packet-boat, which sails once a week between Genoa and Porto Torres, in Sardinia, usually calling at Leghorn on a Friday morning. Therefore, on the first Friday after my arrival, I went at an early hour to the bureau to secure a passage for the Maddalena, the nearest island to Caprera. The answer was, "This passage should have been secured earlier, and too many tickets have already been issued." I replied that my business was urgent, and that I could not wait a week; for the vessel goes only once a week to the Maddalena. I went then to some neighbouring Italian, who had been courteous to me the former day, and I persuaded him to use his local influence. The result was that a passage was granted to me. I then hired a boat to meet the *Umbria*. We waited a little distance from the shore the arrival of that vessel, and in a short time were nearly

surrounded by other boats, heavily laden with the humblest class of people, who were evidently awaiting the arrival of that weekly packet-boat, for which we also were on the look-out.

That vessel having at length arrived, we all went on board, and were soon followed by many others. Indeed, there seemed to be no end to the people anxious to sail with this small vessel. Each passenger presented his ticket before walking on deck, and, as I subsequently learned, the number of these tickets amounted to six hundred. The air on deck was close, and the space for moving confined. I therefore went below, but the cabin being darkened, perhaps through the crowd above, I returned on deck. The steps, however, from the cabin were full of people, and not very passable. The passengers were exclusively of the stronger sex, and three only out of the six hundred were entitled to first-class tickets. About a third of them seemed provided with fire-arms, while nearly all had knives, and baskets of provisions. But if weapons were numerous, shirts apparently were scarce; and as for the style of

dress among this crowd of human beings, it might be said that long gaiters, tattered garments, and very broad-brimmed hats, or caps, were the prevailing fashion. After looking at them, I endeavoured to divert my thoughts from the repulsive poverty of man to the attractive charms of Nature. I gazed at the lofty Apennines, blue in colour, save where whitened by the snow of winter.

Meantime the vessel was moving away, like a topheavy coach laden with passengers. One hundred and fifty were to be put ashore at Bastia, in Corsica, while most of the remaining number were to be landed at Porto Torres, in Sardinia. It lay deep in the water, and occasionally fell to one side. However, after a few hours' cruise, to my surprise I found myself back at Leghorn. There nearly a third of our live cargo were thrust ashore amid cries of expostulation, and threats of *proteste all' amministrazione*. My belief is that the captain, thinking it probable that the *Umbria* must either go downward or backward, had, after due consideration, decided in favour of

the latter movement. Not only speed, but much fresh air, was gained by the vessel dropping nearly a third of its passengers at Leghorn.

After leaving that port a second time, we moved freely through the wave, and in the afternoon approached Capraja, a volcanic island which rises abruptly from the sea. This island is grandly mountainous, and is inhabited by wild goats and fishermen. In November days are short, and as we sailed near Capraja, the grey twilight of evening was beginning to veil the lofty summits of its mountains. Soon it lay on the east of us. On the west rose Corsica, with its rocks vividly displayed under those glorious streaks of light with which the sun reddens the sky before he begins to bathe his golden car in the ocean. Bastia, to which the father of the great Napoleon migrated from Genoa, was the port at which our vessel was first to cast anchor.

Next day I rose early. It was about four o'clock when I paced the deck, and gazed at the long mountainous shore of Corsica, along which our vessel was sailing. Overhead were

stars, by the light of which I could descry many bold promontories and indented bays. The deck seemed strewed with old clothes, nailed shoes, and odd-looking muskets. The muffled human beings, whose faces became more visible as the grey light of morning began to dawn, resembled the witches in the tragedy of *Macbeth*. Suddenly a person joined me in my walk, and surprised me by quotations from the *Odyssey* and other works. Finding, however, that I was English, he altered the style of his quotations. At length, when he saw the golden orb of day show itself in the east, he repeated—

“The sun is fair when he, with crimson crown
And flaming rubies, leaves his eastern bed—
Fair is this ocean, too, in crystal gown”——

What the next line was I do not remember, but my new acquaintance, who was a professor in the university at Sassari, presently darted off to Ossian, from whose works he quoted some lines of Cesarotti's translation. He then spoke of the furnace in the sky, out of which the glowing orb of day was about to emerge, and brighten with its

rays the towering peaks and lofty outlines of the Corsican mountains.

At the lower extremity of that island came into our view Capo dell' Orso. This huge mass of granite is shaped fantastically, and the summit of it is like the figure of a bear. The celebrated author, Della Marmora, in his remarks about Capo dell' Orso, writes: "Ce roche offert cette ressemblance singulière, il-y-a près de deux mille ans; car Ptolémée, dans sa géographie, indique ce lieu sous le nom de 'le promontoire de l'ours.'" It seems extraordinary that during two thousand years so little change should have been effected in this rock by the atmosphere. Perhaps this long resistance to the hand of time may serve to prove the durability of granite.

Next after Capo dell' Orso appeared the isolated rock of the Cavallo, and then a ridge of rocks stretching far into the ocean, the Lavezzi, on which, during the Crimean war, the Sardinian frigate *Semillante* was lost with all her crew. Next came in view the steep and rugged island of Santa Maria. Presently rocky islands, and rocks

too small to deserve the name of islands, formed a labyrinth through which our vessel, still heavily laden with human beings and their fire-arms, had to force its way. The Budelli and the Rassoli were among the largest of these.

No sooner had we passed these than the prow of our vessel went near Sparaji, an almost perpendicular island, which stood before us as if to bar our progress. It would seem, indeed, as if old Neptune had been anxious to guard the approach to the most enterprising of his heroes, and to shield him with rocks and reefs innumerable. All the progenitors of Garibaldi, even down to his father, were Genoese. Many of them were bold and enterprising mariners, worthy natives of that soil which gave birth to Christopher Columbus. I was thinking where could be the island of his choice, when, after many windings, I found myself in an apparent basin. The luxuriant hills of the Maddalena, and the rocky islands of San Stefano and Caprera, together with the bold and gigantic mountains of Sardinia, formed that apparent lake into which our vessel had entered.

Soon after arriving at the Maddalena, I hired a boat to take me to the General's habitation. The narrow sea which separates these two islands is intersected with numerous rocks, which shoot up here and there ; and as to the sunken rocks, they are said, with questionable accuracy, to be about three hundred in number. Save where it was whitened into foam by beating against some of these numerous rocks, this narrow sea appeared blue and transparent. Our boat glided rapidly over it, and in less than forty-five minutes touched the shore of Caprera.

CHAPTER II.

GARIBALDI AT HOME—PRESENTATION OF ADDRESSES—SUBSCRIBERS FOR THE YACHT—THE GREATNESS OF LONDON—A MUSICAL EVENING—MAJOR SPECCHJ—THE WIND AT CAPRERA—ON BOARD THE YACHT—A DANGEROUS CHANNEL—GARIBALDI'S SEAMANSHIP—TAVOLARA—THE GOATS OF THE ISLAND—ITS POPULATION—EXTEMPORIZING A DINNER—SARDINIA—NIGHT IN THE GULF OF CONGIURUS—A CONVERSATION ON BOOKS—UGO FOSCOLO—TASSO—MILTON'S IMITATIONS OF THE "GERUSALEMME LIBERATA"—ADDISON'S CRITICISMS—CHASE FOR A SARD—A SARDINIAN COTTAGE—THE INFLUENCE OF GARIBALDI—COMPANY AT DINNER—CONVERSATION WITH GARIBALDI ON SOUTH AMERICA—ROSAS—THE GREAT LIBERATOR AS A SEA-CAPTAIN—THE ISLAND OF SANTA SOPHIA—I PERDUTI—END OF THE FIRST CRUISE—GARIBALDI'S ISLAND HOME.

CHAPTER II.

AFTER landing at Caprera, I climbed upwards amid rock and myrtle for about half an hour, and then I reached the great man's cottage. I asked a servant in a red shirt if the General was at home, and in a few minutes I discovered he was at dinner. I wished to go away, but this was rendered impossible by Garibaldi requesting me to enter the room and partake of dinner. I was soon impressed with the belief that the General was not only the bravest of warriors and the purest of patriots, but also the prince of gentlemen.

The *minestra*, or soup, was excellent, but on this occasion its ingredients of macaroni and parmesan largely increased my difficulty of talking Italian. The party around me were fourteen in number, and ten of them appeared totally unacquainted with my own language. I asked the General when it would be convenient for him to receive

the addresses which I had brought from England. Eight o'clock the following morning was the time fixed by him.

The word of Garibaldi is unerring. Accordingly a few minutes before eight next day his servant, Maurizio, asked me to step into his room. After listening attentively to the reading of the addresses, he received them with evident satisfaction. He spoke of his invariable devotion to the cause of liberty, but with unaffected modesty added that his efforts had been overrated. In a very short time he gave me appropriate replies to these addresses; which replies were written, not with trouble, but, on the contrary, with that facility which might be expected from one who, like Garibaldi, unites mental gifts with a good education.

There is not a post-office in Caprera, and although the post-office of the neighbouring island might have been safe enough for the transmission of letters on ordinary matters, I determined on not letting the General's handwriting go out of my possession until I reached England. I considered,

in short, that the original letters were the property of those English subscribers who had shown their judgment no less than their generosity in presenting a gift of such a kind, that the most exalted of men could receive it without the slightest abatement of dignity.

It may be right to mention here that the list of subscribers for a yacht to Garibaldi contained the names of several of those who bore a prominent part in the reception given to him by the city of London. Among the subscribers were those who had interested themselves usefully and honourably in the presentation to him of the freedom of that great city.

The greatness of London springs from various sources, and various indeed are the elements of greatness, both in the characters of men, and in the constitutions of cities. Knowledge and wealth in the case of both may lead to power; integrity and virtue may well entitle both cities and individuals to respect. From the days of Babylon down to modern times, cities which contain little more than those two elements of greatness, wealth and

knowledge, may have risen high, but they have afterwards fallen, or sunk, because of their corruptness. London, however, seems endowed with many of the essential elements of greatness. With a large amount of riches, intelligence, knowledge, integrity, and honesty among its population, the head and capital of the British Empire seems to stand foremost among cities. If a tree could put forth fruit of gold, leaves which should not wither, and branches which should not become rotten, the city of London might almost be likened to it, so fruitful is its industry, and so little indication is there of decay in its prosperity. As for me, it may not be my lot to be able to boast connection with it, but for that reason it is in my power to admire its greatness with impartiality. Being fully impressed with it, I was perhaps the more desirous that Garibaldi's autograph letters of thanks should not be lost, because several of the subscribers, to whom one of them was addressed, belonged to the city of London.

The General gave me these letters on the morning of Monday the 21st of November. A few

hours afterwards he sent a message to me, asking me to go with him the following day on a cruise to Sardinia. In spite of my previous intention to return immediately to England, I thought it would be uncourteous and almost disloyal not to comply. I mean disloyal, not because Garibaldi has promoted the King of Piedmont to be the King of Italy, but because he is endowed with those lofty qualities which ought to command the respect and even the loyalty of those who are free to judge. Moreover, I had a desire, perhaps a curiosity, to study minutely the character of Garibaldi, hoping thus to learn what might be its blemishes and imperfections. I rather believe in the truth of the poet's words, that

"Nature gives us (let it check our pride),
The virtue nearest to our vice allied."

Therefore, I thought that by prolonging my stay with Garibaldi I might have an opportunity of discovering instances in which the good qualities of his character are so far excessive as to constitute weaknesses.

The first night of my arrival at Caprera, Sun-

day, had been spent in a manner which in many parts of Europe, not including Scotland, might be denominated *triste*. The following evening, Monday, was passed very differently. Accordingly I was surprised by the contrast, and perhaps I had forgotten that a dozen of Garibaldi's guests were Italians, and thus natives of a land of music. But if I had been deprived of sight, my sense of hearing would have almost sufficed to convince me that, instead of being in a cottage near the Straits of Bonifacio, I was present on that Monday evening at the performance of an opera in the Queen's Theatre in London. The General's daughter has a fine voice, which has been much cultivated. However, the best musical performer was certainly Major Specchj, who has served in most of Garibaldi's Italian campaigns. He is very large in size. To me he appeared full of music; but I was assured even by Garibaldi that Specchj has also shown himself full of martial ardour. In short, he has been distinguished both on the stage and in the field—both amid sounds of harmony and amid the rude blasts of war. He has sung in the opera-

houses of Paris, London, and New York. However, in the year 1848 he left the stage and enrolled himself as a private soldier, to fight against the Austrians, against whom he had already sung more than once in the opera of "William Tell." But after

"The brazen throat of war had ceased to roar,"

Specchj exchanged his martial calling for his former musical occupation.

Though Garibaldi does not compose music, as he does poetry, he appeared to take much interest in these concerts of his guests. Almost every night in which there was music, I heard him say, "Noi terminaremo col Barbiere," which led me to suppose that Rossini's Opera, "The Barber of Seville," was one of his favourites.

Before nine o'clock the concert terminated, and Garibaldi bade me good night. Accordingly I retired to my sleeping apartment, which was as comfortable as any reasonable being could desire. The sole cause of my disturbance at any time was the howling of the wind. In all the smaller

islands near the Straits of Bonifacio the winds are said to be very vehement during winter. In the large island of Sardinia the high mountains serve as a shelter to many parts of the interior; but in Caprera throughout the year the prevalence of wind is such as to check the growth of trees. However, my experience arising from less than a fortnight's sojourn under Garibaldi's roof being small, I am induced to quote the following few lines from Mrs. Gaskell's English version of the interesting little book entitled "Garibaldi at Caprera," by Colonel Vecchj. The author says: "I have often heard of the wind at Caprera. Elsewhere it may be a scourge—here it is a hurricane. This night it howled through the plants, laying them low. The rocks re-echoed with the voice of the storm; the waves dashed furiously against the cliffs. In the Straits of Moneta, which are between Maddalena and Caprera, the sea is full of sharply-pointed sunken rocks, most dangerous in stormy weather. The quantities of wrecked boats to be seen among them are sufficient to prove the disastrous nature of the coast."

This author, Colonel Vecchj, also relates that a month before he went to Caprera, Garibaldi, observing the distress of a Corsican captain, whose vessel was tossing about very unpleasantly among the rocks, had hastened to his rescue. Fortunately, with the exception of occasional gusts of wind, there was quite enough of calmness for me during my short but interesting sojourn under the hospitable roof of Garibaldi.

The General had expressed a wish that we should be on board the yacht early on the morning of the 22nd of November.

There is such a mixture of dignity and mildness in his manner, that his wishes are usually interpreted as orders, and therefore most of us were on board the yacht even before the sun had begun to gild the neighbouring mountains. Fearful of being late, I ran down rapidly among the rocks and myrtle to the water's edge, where Major Basso kindly rowed me to the yacht.

The position of the vessel was soon altered. The Sardinian mountains appeared behind us, and those of Corsica in front. We were for some time,

between Caprera and Maddalena, in the midst of shoals, reefs, and rocks, with a strong wind blowing against us. Now and then the prow of our vessel was pointed towards a rock, as if to avoid some other rock either above or below water. The vessel ran on one of the rocks, and lost probably a little copper; but although the crew were new, we were soon off. I was busy asking questions about the numerous islands, when some one said to me, "Don't speak—did you not feel it?" Then another person uttered the words, "Canale pericoloso, frequenti isole, &c."—Dangerous channel, frequent islands, &c. I ascertained, however, that we were passing near Monte di Fico, a mountain where figs do not grow.

In clear tone, and with perfect knowledge of the sea, did this worthy descendant of sailors, Garibaldi, give his orders to Menotti, Riciotti, Basso, &c. Often did he call out, "Bada gli scogli!"—Mind the rocks! Then the General would turn to me, and with the courtesy which to him is natural, point out objects of interest, among which was one island inhabited only by wild boars,

and another abounding in wild goats. The latter of these islands, Tavolara, which rises two thousand three hundred feet from the water's edge, seemed the more picturesque. It is very steep, and is said to be very difficult of ascent. That fine old sailor, Captain Roberts, told me at the Maddalena, a few days after this cruise, that he had reached the summit of Tavolara, but that he had found the ascent one of the most difficult experiments in climbing which he had ever attempted.

Della Marmora, who tried it in vain, relates the success of Captain Roberts, and adds, "*Nous ne connaissons que fort peu de personnes qui soient réellement parvenues sur cette périlleuse cime.*" The goats must therefore find the upper region of Tavolara rather a pleasant and safe retreat.

They told me on board the yacht that these animals have in that island teeth of an unusual colour. "*Quasi d'oro*" were, I think, the words which they used regarding the colour, and this tinge or colour of the teeth was attributed by

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them to the pasture of Tavolara. Such also is the opinion of Colonel Vecchj, from whose interesting little work I have already quoted. After describing a certain resinous tree of low growth, he says, "Perhaps it is to this plant, which is not to be found in any of the neighbouring islets, that the strange appearance of the *herbivora* in Tavolara may be attributed."

Much would I have liked to have seen this scarce tree or shrub, and to have plucked its flower of blue petal and white calyx. Moreover, what I heard of the population of Tavolara rather excited my curiosity, and thus increased my wish to visit the island. It contains nearly half-a-dozen inhabitants, all members of one family, the founder of which died a few years ago. He belonged originally to the Maddalena, but he left that island on account of an error which he had committed there, in marrying his wife's sister while his wife was still living. Being apprehensive of a want of harmony between the two ladies, who were sisters-in-law as well as sisters, he deposited one of his wives in Santa Maria, and the other in Tavolara,

and he visited them by turns. In consequence of this excellent arrangement he was blessed with two homes.

Of his two landed properties, that towering rock of the ocean, Tavolara, was the one which I most wished to see, and I indulged a hope that my wish would be realized, as the yacht continued for some time going in the direction of that island.

Meanwhile, the waves rose high, and our vessel bounded finely over them. They forced themselves occasionally on deck, and gave the General a bath, at which he laughed good-humouredly. Unfortunately, there are people in this world who have an occasional tendency to sea-sickness. Some of my fellow-passengers were sick, and in a sort of temporary desperation they uttered loudly the word "Muoià!"—May I die! Accordingly Garibaldi, who is one of the mildest of men, in deference, probably, to those who had not my bodily strength, put the vessel into the Gulf of Congianus, which is situated northward of the Golfo degli Aranci, or bay of oranges, and is

separated from it by a ridge of hills or mountains.

On the 24th of November we lay at anchor in a gulf, with the wild shore of Sardinia on either side of us. The boat first landed us, and afterwards one or two servants with our cooking materials. "Pick sticks for a fire," said Garibaldi to myself and others. So, climbing up amidst the rocks and thick bush, we soon collected materials for a fire. A major, who had fought for the liberty of the Two Sicilies, extemporized an omelette, while some picked salad, and others went shooting. Sardinia abounds in game, but not in people, and the number of murders, which is computed at three thousand per annum, may aid in checking an excess of population. Private property belongs chiefly to Spaniards. The country is not much intersected by roads, nor restrained by laws. The natives are rather a wild set, but the first day we saw none of them.

When dinner was ready the General remarked to me: "This is what you call pic-nic in England?" I answered, "Yes, General, and on a

grand scale." At this pic-nic the rocks were our seats, and the blue sky was our ceiling, while towering mountains on the one side, and the blue Mediterranean on the other, were the ornaments or decorations of our dining-room. Garibaldi and his brothers-in-arms composed the chief part of the company. It was a dinner *au naturel*, to which both the greatness of man and the grandeur of nature helped to give interest. As for the gilding of an Italian sunset when evening was approaching, it was immeasurably beyond anything which poor art could rival in ornament.

As soon as twilight had succeeded sunset, we went on board the yacht again. Night came, and we retired to our cabins for rest. My berth was pointed out to me in a cabin which contained two. As the occupant of the other berth was my sole companion in this part of the yacht, perhaps his name and character ought to be mentioned. It could truly be said of him that he was neither sordid, selfish, nor cruel, and that amidst temptations strong he had never done anything to forfeit that peace of mind which perhaps may have some

influence in securing what an English writer has called Nature's sweet restorer—balmy sleep. In short, he was Garibaldi.

I left my cabin a few hours afterwards. It might have been about four o'clock when I was pacing the deck of our vessel, which lay at anchor in the Gulf of Congianus. There, amid the silence of night and the solitude of Nature, I looked around me. Above me was the starry vault of Heaven; on either side of me were the mountainous shores of Sardinia. The comparatively small number of people in that large island, of which much is covered with forest, were, perhaps, for the most part asleep. Even the numerous dignitaries of the Church were doubtless then resting from their labours of watching over half a million of souls. Sardinia is subject to the spiritual sway of modern Rome. It was a flourishing colony of ancient Rome, some of whose great men might probably, if they had been refined by Christianity, have resembled Garibaldi. No sooner had this thought crossed my mind, than I returned to my cabin, and found the General reading. It is

with him a great resource. Shutting his book he spoke to me of Scotch books. He had perused the poems of Ossian, and the novels of Sir Walter Scott.

"I read few works of fiction," said he, "but I do like Sir Walter Scott. He is a grand *romancier*, and much to be preferred to Dumas."

These remarks about the novels of Sir Walter Scott produced a conversation on the subject of books, during which I asked Garibaldi to be so kind as to recommend to me an Italian author whose works I might read without much difficulty, as I was imperfectly acquainted with the Italian language. I expected that he would mention Ugo Foscolo, because, during his brief stay in England he seems to have made it a matter of duty to pay a visit to the tomb of that author at Chiswick. Besides the intellectual capacity of Ugo Foscolo, there was much in his moral qualities, especially in his unselfishness, independence, and patriotism, to secure him the esteem of Garibaldi. So great was his love of country, that he gave frequent offence to the powers which oppressed

it by the force of his eloquence; and on one memorable occasion he addressed a letter, or rather philippic, to the First Consul, remonstrating against those injuries, almost boundless, which Italy had sustained during the six preceding years from the civil and military authorities of France. So great also were his unselfishness and independence, that on his appointment to a Professor's chair at Rome, when it was hinted to him that a little flattery or adulation of Napoleon might be gratefully rewarded by large honours and emoluments, he followed quite an opposite course, and delivered an address full of noble thoughts about the dignity of literature, but entirely without allusion to Napoleon or his government. As for party spirit, which in the times of Ugo Foscolo was vehement, he seems to have been exempt from it, and to have had in view only the good of his country; for he often condemned the violent abuses of party triumphs. In short, the dignity of his character was such as could hardly fail to be admired by Garibaldi.

The General, however, scarcely spoke to me of

Ugo Foscolo; but, in reply to my request that he would recommend an Italian author, whose works were full of merit, and not beset with difficulty, he named Tasso. How would Garibaldi have been surprised if I had told him that an eminent English critic of "Paradise Lost" had expressed his opinion that one line of that poem was worth all the tinsel of Tasso's effusions! The accomplished Addison does indeed write slightly about the "mixed embellishments" of Tasso. But if Milton, who is one of the most learned of poets, had also judged slightly of Tasso's works, he would not have studied them so closely as to make them the subject of frequent imitation. Thus, so well did Milton think of Tasso, that in his chief poetic work he seems to have borrowed many thoughts and images from the "Gierusalemme Liberata." Passages resembling those in Tasso abound in each of the twelve books of "Paradise Lost;" and if one or two books could be pronounced superior to the others, it might be a matter of interest to select from them a few of those passages which are so like passages in

Tasso's great work, as to give them the appearance of imitations. It would indeed be an act of boldness or rashness to decide which book among the twelve of the "Paradise Lost" is pre-eminent; but perhaps it is not too much to assert that the fourth is not inferior to any in its combination of beauty, grandeur, novelty, grace, and delicacy. The address to the Sun is a specimen of its grandeur, the description of Eden of its beauty, and the apparent imitations of Tasso which are to be found in both of them are not unworthy testimonies to the merits of one of Garibaldi's favourite poets, the only poet whose works he recommended to me. As for Milton's description of the garden of Eden, which contained

"Flowers of all hue, and without thorn the rose,"

the latter expression as to the absence of *dumi*, or thorns, may savour too much of Italian conceit; but it seems to have been taken from the following lines of Tasso, in which he describes the rose unfolding its leaves without its rough pricking thorns.

“Senza quei suoi pungenti ispidi dumi,
Spiegò le foglie la purpurea rosa.”

The fourth book of “Paradise Lost” may be said almost to open and to close with passages which have a close resemblance to lines in the “Gierusalemme Liberata.” Thus, in the address to the Sun, the following words uttered by Satan,

“ . . . Which way shall I fly?
Infinite wrath and infinite despair,
Which way I fly is Hell—myself am Hell,”

have a parallel in Tasso's lines :

“Temerò me medesimo, e da me stesso
Sempre fuggendo, avrò me sempre appresso.”

So have the concluding lines of the fourth book, in which Satan

“ Fled
Murmuring, and with him fled the shades of night,”

a parallel in those lines of Tasso,

“Essi *gemendo abbandonar*’ le belle
Region’ della luce.”

When Milton wrote in the same book that
the

"Celestial armoury, shields, helms, and spears,
Hung high with diamond flaming,"

it is very possible that he was thinking of the
Italian poet's lines,

"Si vedea *fiammeggiar* fra le altre arnesi
Scudo di lucidissimo *diamante*."

The beautiful description of evening in this
book, in which Milton has written,

"Silence accompanied,"

is borrowed probably from Tasso's lines,

" . . . Usci la Notte, e sotto l'ale
Mendò il silenzio."

As for those qualities of grace and delicacy
which pervade the fourth book, they abound also
in Tasso's poetry, but it is far otherwise with the
quality of strangeness, in which Milton seems to
have chosen Ovid for his model. There are, how-
ever, occasional passages in the other books of the
"Paradise Lost," in which Milton has interwoven
Tasso's thoughts with those of Ovid. Thus in the
ninth book, in that highly-wrought description of
the serpent which addressed its way towards Eve :

“ His head
 Crested aloft, and carbuncle his eyes ;
 With burnished neck of verdant gold erect
 Amidst his circling spires.”

Milton may possibly have had strongly impressed on his mind the following lines of Garibaldi's favourite poet:

“ Innalza d'oro squallido squamose
 Le creste, e'l capo ; e gonfia il collo d'ira :
 Arde negli occhi.”

But the serpent here described by Tasso is of that grovelling and ordinary kind, which

“ Le vie tutte ascose
 Tien sotto il ventre.”

That, on the contrary, which is conceived by the English poet, moves

“ Not with indented wave,
 Prone on the ground, as since ; but on his rear
 Circular base of rising folds that tower'd,
 Fold above fold, a surging maze.”

These last lines savour more of the spirit of Ovid than of Tasso. Thus the works of those two poets display each a separate kind of genius, while the

"Paradise Lost" of Milton abounds in the excellences of both.

Though Garibaldi is evidently endowed with a poetic taste far superior to my own, and that of ordinary persons, yet his admiration of Tasso's works would be a feather in the scale when compared with the somewhat adverse opinion of so great a critic as Addison. Therefore I have felt desirous to inquire how far this opinion of a critic so refined as Addison might be neutralized by Milton's use of the imagery of Tasso. The English poet, so far from being unfavourable to Tasso, may be almost said to begin his "Paradise Lost" with lines which resemble those in the "Gierusalemme Liberata." Such a resemblance occurs more than once in the first sixty lines of "Paradise Lost." Further on in the first book of that poem, when Milton is describing Satan as calling

"His legions, Angel forms, who lay intranced,
Thick as Autumnal leaves that strew the brooks
In Vallambrosa,"

it is possible that his thoughts were then occupied with Tasso's lines,

"Nè tante vede mai l'Autunno al suolo,
Cader co' primi freddi aride foglie."

The effect of Satan's voice, which, says Milton,
was so loud that

" All the hollow deep
Of hell resounded,"

is like the effect of the infernal trumpet in the
"Gierusalemme Liberata," when, says Tasso,

"Treman le spaziose atre caverne,
E l'aer cieco a quel romor rimbomba."

When Milton added to his description of the rebel
angels rising from their trance the words,

" with them rose
A forest huge of spears,"

it is possible that he took the hint from the fol-
lowing line in Tasso's "Gierusalemme Liberata":

"E intorno un bosco abbian d'haste."

Also at the end of Satan's address to his followers,
when Milton says,

"He spake: and to confirm his words out flew
Millions of flaming swords,"

it is possible that he borrowed the expression from the following words of Tasso :

" Quasi in quel punto *mille spade ardenti*
Furono vedute *flammeggiar insieme.*"

In the second book of the "Paradise Lost," when its author makes the speech of Moloch, sceptered king, begin with the words :

" My sentence is for open war, of wiles
More unexpert I boast not ; them let those
Contrive who need,"

it is probable that he may have been thinking of the following lines in the "Gierusalemme Liberata," in which Tasso makes the king say,

" Faccia Ismeno, incantando, ogni sua prova ;
Egli, a cui le malie son d'arme in vece :
Trattiamo il ferro pur noi cavalieri :
Quest' arte nostra, e'n questa sol si spera."

It may be proper here to remark that the second book of "Paradise Lost," which rivals the first and surpasses the remaining ten in the sole quality of grandeur, abounds in thoughts and images of which the apparent sources may be

traced, so strong is the resemblance, to the works of that Italian poet whom Garibaldi evidently so admires that he advised me to read the "Gierusalemme Liberata." It may also be worthy of remark, that the third book, which, notwithstanding the beauty of the address to Light, and the allegory of Hypocrisy, seems to possess less merit than the other books, is comparatively wanting in passages of which any parallel is to be met with in the poetry of Tasso. But how different is it with almost all the other books of the "Paradise Lost," which not only abound in merit of the highest order, but also in passages of which there is at least a strong resemblance in the works of the Italian poet! Addison was doubtless aware of this resemblance, although in his papers on "Paradise Lost" he rarely mentions this Italian poet, until the last sentence but one of his excellent criticism, and then he uses the following somewhat disparaging words :

"I might have inserted also several passages of Tasso, which our author has imitated, but as I do not look upon Tasso to be a sufficient voucher,

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I would not perplex my readers with such quotations as might do more honour to the Italian than to the English poet."

The taste of Addison being so undoubted as to render his opinion almost a sufficient voucher in works of poetry, I must say that the effect produced on my mind by frequent reading of his criticisms in the *Spectator* was such as to make me receive with distrust the praises bestowed on the works of Tasso by Garibaldi. His criticism made me proof at first against what Garibaldi said to me about the poetic imagery, the pure morality, and the truly Christian piety of the "Gierusalemme Liberata." But as Garibaldi, though not a critic, unites mental culture with poetic feeling, and as he seems to speak with that good sense which should entitle his opinions to respect, I thought that some value ought to be attached to his praises of Tasso's great work. Therefore, some time afterwards when I reflected on these praises, I determined to refresh my memory with a passage about Tasso, which I had almost forgotten, in Milton's prose works—those works

which would have sufficed to stamp Milton's name with celebrity as an author, even if he had never written a line of poetry. In one of them Milton alludes to "that epic form whereof the two poems of Homer, and those other two of Virgil and Tasso, are a diffuse, and the Book of Job a brief model."

Meanwhile, in reply to Garibaldi's advice to read the "*Gierusalemme Liberata*," I told him I preferred Italian Histories. "*Sono troppo le storie dei preti.*"—"They are too much histories of the priests," he answered. I began to think I was going to get a lecture against Popery from this great Italian, while our vessel was lying within a mile of an island where Protestantism is less tolerated than in Rome itself. The degraded state of that island once flourishing, and the greatness of the man to whom I listened, would have been enough perhaps to have Protestantised me even if I had been an inveterate Papist. Garibaldi's conversation, however, turned to other subjects. My attention was deeply engaged by it, for Garibaldi has travelled much, seen much, read much, and when he speaks he has the happy

faculty of condensing much in a few words. He speaks with clearness, and moreover he combines a dignity and affability of manner which enhance the pleasure of his conversation.

After we had taken coffee, a boat was sent ashore full of people and firearms. I went in it, tempted by the love of grand scenery, and the desire, if it were possible, to catch a Sard. Six or eight hours had been spent the former day in the island without seeing a native or anything like the abode of man. This had so warmed or quickened my curiosity, that I resolved, though I might tear my clothes with the shrubs, or cut my feet with the rocks, to catch a Sard. His language might be a mixture of Latin, Italian, and Spanish, and therefore not very edifying. It would at least be new to my ears.

Meanwhile, the rocks around me echoed with the report of firearms. One sportsman, however, joined me, and we climbed the rocks together. The sole of his shoe gave way, my clothes were rather torn, the mountains seemed to rise higher, and yet not a Sard was in view. At length we came to some

goats, and a woman without shoes or stockings. Both herself and my companion were good-looking. They understood each other. Fortunately the Sardinian spoke Italian a little, and she told my companion, "Andar diritto e trovar una casa." Such being our instructions, we followed them till we came to a rocky defile and a cottage. Here rushed out two enormous dogs, growling and thundering. They eyed us evidently as two suspicious-looking foreigners. Then a woman invited us to enter her dwelling. It consisted of one room only, and the earth was its floor. In the centre of it a fire of wood was burning; but there was no chimney, and the door remained open to let the smoke escape. On one side of the room were ranged three small beds, while in a corner of it was a donkey, and also a large stone for pounding corn into flour. The children were almost without clothing. The woman brought us a wooden bowl of milk, with two wooden spoons, and presently she asked us the name of our king. We spoke to her in reply about our excellent Queen Victoria, but she understood us not. We

then told her we had come in the yacht of Garibaldi, and her eye beamed brightly. If a flash of lightning had passed through the room, the effect could not have been more instantaneous. Such in this remote cottage was the magic influence of true glory.

“Are you under Garibaldi?” said she.

Though to be under him might be to go where “*fas et gloria ducunt*,” yet I was obliged, in answer to the Sardinian woman, to explain that we were only admirers of Garibaldi, and not followers.

After a short rest in the cottage, we commenced our descent, scrambling downwards amid rock and shrub, with our clothes and our shoes not in any way improved, till we reached the sea shore, where we found the dinner nearly ready. Indeed, we had little more than time to wash our hands in that clear large basin, the Mediterranean. We then sat down upon the rocks, and of this kind of chair there was an abundance. On one of the rocky seats near me sat an aged patriot, who, though he was in early

life a Roman Catholic priest, had become a war-like heretic as far back as the year 1820. I was in the midst of heretics. As on the former day, most of the company were brothers-in-arms of Garibaldi, combatants for the unity of Italy, enemies of Papal superstition, and aspirants for liberty almost equal to that which since the Revolution of 1688 has been enjoyed in England. On a rock, separated from me only by a few wild flowers and shrubs, sat Garibaldi. Here there were no artificial forms, here there was no restraint. The air was pure and the scenery wild. The eye might be tired when looking upwards to the summits of the mountains, but the blue sky and the Mediterranean afforded a soft relief. After dinner I wandered along the shores of this large but thinly-peopled island, admiring the landscape, which did not become less beautiful when at length part of it was dyed by a golden sunset. But such was the solitude that, though I continued wandering until

“ Twilight grey
Had in her sober livery all things clad,”

I saw no human being. As for the *malviventi*, who used formerly to be on the look-out for business after their own fashion of robbing and killing in the wild district between the gulfs of Congianus and Terranova, the race is probably now extinct. However, I was not searching for the badness of man, but for the beauty of Nature, and after enjoying her pleasures for a few hours, I retraced my steps, fixing my eye on the mast of the yacht, which lay in the gulf, in order that I might go in the right direction. Once again on board that vessel, I found no difficulty, such is Garibaldi's hospitality, in satisfying the hunger which a long walk had produced.

After supper I had some conversation with Garibaldi, but as an undue disclosure of what might have fallen from his lips would be infinitely worse than dulness, I shall give only a few particulars of this conversation. The subject of it turned chiefly on South America. There he had spent about fourteen years, and during a part of that time he lived almost entirely on beef and water. He told me that so numerous, or, rather, super-

abundant, were cattle in Buenos Ayres, Monte Video, and the neighbouring parts, that it was not unusual to kill an animal merely for the tongue, and then throw away the carcase, as if it were useless. From the slaughter of cattle the General glided onward to some remarks on that butcher of men, only too well known at Buenos Ayres, Rosas, of whom Garibaldi was the successful opponent. It is not a little remarkable that this ardent lover of liberty has more than once been the opponent of those demagogues who, either through ignorance or through design, have bawled loudly in favour of liberty while they have been working in the cause of despotism. Thus it has been the lot of Garibaldi to differ from the foolish counsels of Ledru Rollin in Europe, and to combat the wicked designs of Rosas in South America.

It is said that the last-named individual, when young, perpetrated at Buenos Ayres a crime of such barbarity, that to escape punishment he fled to the Pampas, where he lived for many years in comparative obscurity. There he mingled with ignorant natives and savage Indians. There he

associated also with outcasts, who, eluding the punishment due to their crimes, had found like himself a safe retreat in the Pampas. He had no difficulty in adopting the habits and customs of the people of that wild country, as he was not sixteen years old when he left Buenos Ayres.

Thus it followed that in a few years no one was able to ride better, throw the lasso more skilfully, or show more adroitness in the exercises which are congenial to the taste of the inhabitants of the Pampas than Rosas. This kind of excellence secured to Rosas much influence among the people of the country, who were far more numerous than those of the town of Buenos Ayres; but, at the same time, much lower in the scale of civilization. How could it be otherwise, with a population where the profligate outcasts of the city, bringing only its vices, spread corruption among the simple-minded inhabitants of the country, and gradually forgot the habits of polished life, in their frequent intercourse with savages. But this population, though profligate and ignorant, was hardened by privations. Rosas, who was ambitious and un-

scrupulous, not only affected sympathy with the condition of the people of the country, but attributed all the ills which they endured to the oppression of the town of Buenos Ayres, rather than to their own ignorance or indolence. Thus he flattered the prejudices of the country party so skilfully that he at length became the chief ruler of the state; for the election to that high office rested with the majority, whether they belonged to the town or country. If my information be correct—and yet no one can dispute the accuracy of Garibaldi—people at Buenos Ayres wondered much to see Rosas in such an exalted position as President of the Republic, because, until his vices had time to unfold themselves, there appeared nothing remarkable in his character. In short,

“The man was neither wonderful nor rare,
The only wonder was how he got there.”

Rosas, however, found high office so pleasant, notwithstanding the contempt and hatred in which he was generally held by the educated classes, that when its term expired he meditated a *coup d'état*

for his own aggrandisement. But his good old friends—the profligate men of the Pampas—managed the matter better, by fomenting disturbance in Buenos Ayres, and then placing Rosas at the head of affairs with absolute power, for which act of kindness to their favourite great wealth was their reward. Rosas probably knew that he was hated by all persons of merit, but as soon as he found despotic power within his grasp, he seems to have acted in the spirit of the motto, “*Oderint modo metuant.*” Under his iron rule the wealth of Buenos Ayres decayed, and the best of its inhabitants consulted their interests in flying to other places, especially to Monte Video, where a bold and successful stand was made in the cause of justice and liberty.

Garibaldi was silent with me on the subject of Monte Video. Modesty, or unwillingness to speak of his own achievements, doubtless, was the cause of his silence, for no sooner was that city threatened with invasion, than Garibaldi, grateful for the hospitality afforded to himself and his countrymen by the Montevideans, and unshaken in his love of

liberty, offered his services. The offer was readily accepted, and Garibaldi was entrusted with the command of some vessels, with which he repelled an attack from a squadron under the command of one of Rosas's admirals. Afterwards he formed an Italian legion, which made itself conspicuous by its bravery, and which gained many victories. The value of the aid thus rendered by Garibaldi and his countrymen was acknowledged by the Montevidean Government not only in words, letters, decrees, and presentations of flags, but also in the offer of lands, and other substantial presents. The substantial offers were invariably declined, until one day the Minister of War sent a messenger to Garibaldi with a large sum of money, which perplexed him much, for he did not like to offend the feelings of the minister by the return of the money, nor to compromise his own independence by its acceptance. At length he conceived the happy thought of distributing the money among the widows and orphans of all those who had lost their lives in defending Monte Video against Rosas. The downfall of that despot ensued from the

gallant stand made against him at Monte Video, and he was succeeded by a government so enlightened, that it immediately declared free to all foreign flags the large internal rivers of the country, reduced the duties on foreign merchandise, and commenced the practice of remitting the dividends to the foreign bondholders. These measures, so unlike those of Rosas, have attracted the capital of the British merchant to the Argentine Republic, and spread throughout that country the blessings of an increased civilization. Much praise, therefore, is due to Garibaldi for contributing, while at Monte Video, to an event which has since proved beneficial not only to the cause of humanity and freedom, but also to that of commerce.

The conversation out of which these remarks have arisen terminated about nine o'clock. I walked on deck about four o'clock next day. The sky was starry, and there was just light sufficient to clothe rock and shrub, mountain and ocean, with a sort of mysterious grandeur. The Gulf of Con-
grianus is indeed a convenient place for anchoring a

yacht to those who love wild scenery, and the liberty of roving over lands which seemed inhabited almost by game alone. After walking about half an hour, I returned below, and found the General reading, which good example I followed. Then we had coffee. Soon afterwards the yacht began sailing, and the General, experienced captain as he is, was on deck giving his directions, and calling out, "Tira le vele;" "Ferma un poco;" "Vabbene;" "Passa indietro questa scotta;" "Fa attenzione," &c. Riciotti steered. As we moved onward, the scenery resembled a grand moving panorama, a rich store of beauty which Nature spread out to the eye. While I was engaged in admiring it, the sky reddened, and morning seemed to fling her rosy streaks over the Mediterranean. What glorious colours were then dyeing the summits of the Sardinian mountains, which, to our eyes, seemed interminable in their length!

In two hours we anchored about a mile from the island of San Sophia. Two of the boats went ashore, and the General's daughter rowed one of them. The island is large, rocky, desolate, and

uninhabited. We saw owls, but they were very shy. I was engaged picking up marble and stones perforated with coral, when our presence was desired on board ship, because the weather was becoming bad. Accordingly we returned on board the yacht, and soon after twelve o'clock we sat down on deck and partook of an abundant dinner. About an hour afterwards the General, who performed the duties of captain of a ship in a manner worthy of his old Genoese origin, sent Menotti in one of the boats for the purpose of sounding. In the course of the afternoon we passed a series of rocks called Perduti, notwithstanding the crew of a vessel lost there had saved themselves by swimming. Next we threaded a labyrinth of rocky islands, and then, after twisting to and fro, or tacking, we anchored in front of Caprera. We soon landed there, and, after half an hour's climbing, found ourselves again in the house of the great and also hospitable Garibaldi.

Thus ended the first cruise of the yacht which English liberality has presented to Garibaldi. If the season of the year had been July instead of

the last week in November, it might have been more favourable. If the crew which brought the vessel out from England had remained, it might have been more expert. If the soundings near Caprera were better, and the numerous sunken rocks more clearly defined in a chart, the navigation might have been more easy. However, if the vessel could triumph over these difficulties, ride so bravely over the waves, and go through the sea at an average of seven knots an hour, she does indeed give fair promise of being most serviceable to her owner. Doubtless he could have had a fleet of yachts as easily as he could have either taken or accepted wealth and titles even before he had made a king of Italy. However, he has commanded self no less than he has commanded armies. His island home is separate almost hundreds of miles from any continent. Many beautiful islands are within a short distance of it, but there is not a packet-boat from it to any of them. The noble inhabitant of Caprera, however, was the owner of a vessel called the *Emma*, but this vessel was unfortunately lost on its way from Genoa. After

this event, the bestower of freedom and wealth upon countless thousands had few opportunities of leaving his own little barren island, until the good sense of some of his admirers, among whom is prominent the name of R——n, suggested to them the propriety of sending him a commodious and well-built yacht from England.

CHAPTER III.

THE LENTISK—SCIO UNDER GENOESE GOVERNMENT—REVENUE DERIVED FROM GUM-MASTIC—CAUSE OF THE LOSS OF SCIO—PLINY ON THE HEALING POWERS OF LENTISK—ITS VALUE IN THE ARTS AND MANUFACTURES—THE MADDALENA—WHY GARIBALDI FIXED HIS HOME IN CAPRERA—LONGEVITY IN THE MADDALENA—PORTO PULLO—THE FIRST HOUSE BUILT IN CAPRERA—RAPE OF THE WOMEN OF THE MADDALENA—THE MADDALENA AND NEIGHBOURING ISLANDS APPROPRIATED BY SARDINIA—FORMATION OF A NAVAL DEPOT—THE ROADS OF AGINCOURT—THE MOUNTAIN TEJALONE—GOOD COMPANY WHILE READING—THE CAVALLO—A FLOCK OF BISHOPS IN SARDINIA—SILENCE OF HISTORY REGARDING CAPRERA—CAPRAJA—CLIMATE AND SOIL OF CAPRERA—CULTIVATION OF COTTON IN SARDINIA RETARDED BY THE IGNORANCE AND INTOLERANCE OF ITS INHABITANTS—GARIBALDI'S DESIRE FOR THE INCREASE OF COMMERCE WITH ENGLAND—CHUTNEE—GARIBALDI'S DESCRIPTION OF THE MANGO TREE—FRESH MILK.

CHAPTER III.

DURING my stay at Caprera, I made a few excursions to the Maddalena. It is much more cultivated than the former island, and yet it is hardly inferior to it in beauty. It is very rocky and hilly; but intermixed with rocks and hills are the vine, the fig, and the olive tree, and also thick bushes of myrtle, cactus, and lentisk. With the first two of these shrubs I was familiar, as the myrtle grows in the open air in sheltered parts of England, and the cactus thrives in English greenhouses. But being neither a botanist nor a traveller, I regarded the lentisk as a sort of novelty. What can this shrub be which seems to grow so abundantly in the Maddalena? was the question which I put more than once after walking over the rocky surface of that island. At length information was given to me that the lentisk was an

evergreen shrub, which yielded a resinous substance known as gum-mastic. This recalled to my memory a part of the history of that country to which all Garibaldi's ancestors belonged ; for about two centuries ago, when Chios or Scio was a Genoese colony, the gum-mastic was a source of large revenue to the mother-country. The sum of one hundred and twenty thousand *écus d'or*, which that island paid annually to Genoa, arose chiefly from the tax levied on gum-mastic. But Chios or Scio was in those days almost as remarkable for its Christianity as its commerce. Most of its inhabitants were either missionaries or merchants, and a vast number of them were both. If the Genoese had confined their attention to gum-mastic, the island might have stuck to them, perhaps, even unto the present day ; but with more of Christian zeal than worldly prudence, they interfered with the trade of kidnapping Christians, which was a source of much profit to their Turkish neighbours. The Genoese government had even an office in Chios, of which the sole business was to facilitate the escape of

Christian slaves from Turkish masters, and to restore them to their European homes, whether they were Catholics or Protestants; which may seem the more extraordinary, as the island of Chios at that time abounded in Roman Catholic churches and monasteries. In these Samaritan acts of charity the Genoese were so successful, that they repeatedly deprived the Turks of large sums of ransom money, and thus excited them to revenge. Hence followed the loss of Chios, or Scio, and with it the profitable trade in that resinous substance obtained from the lentisk, gum-mastic, which, being an article of monopoly about two centuries ago, was retailed at an exorbitant price by the Genoese merchants.

If it be asked why the lentisk, which grows so abundantly in the Maddalena and neighbouring islands, should not long ago have been a source of profit, it might be answered that the evils both of African piracy and Spanish misrule, under which those islands formerly laboured, were sufficient to check the development of their resources. It may also be said that in times when navigation

was less understood than at present, Chios was more approachable than the Maddalena and Caprera, because the sea adjacent to it is less beset with rocks than that which surrounds the last two islands. At the time when Chios belonged to the Genoese, gum-mastic was a source of much profit to them, because it was then little known that the shrub or tree from which that gum is obtainable could thrive out of that island. But during the two last centuries it has been found growing even without cultivation in other places besides Chios; and the result of this discovery is that the supply has increased and the price fallen. This supply, however, can never be very great, because the growth of lentisk seems to be limited to the south of Europe and the north of Africa. It is, therefore, probable that attention may not have been directed to the facility of obtaining gum-mastic in the islands near the straits of Bonifacio, and the emolument which might be derived from an article for which the demand is perhaps greater than its supply. After seeing so much of the lentisk near Garibaldi's home, I turned to the page of Pliny's

work on Natural History, and felt an interest in his description of its healing properties. He states that its leaves, its wood, its bark, and its gummy or resinous matter are all useful. He tells a story of the daughter of a Roman Consul who was cured of a severe illness by drinking the milk of those goats which were fed upon lentisk. He mentions that lentisk is useful in curing ulcers, erysipelas, pains of the head and stomach, inflammation of the eyes, and various other diseases and ailments. In the list of ailments thus curable is one which excites much pain, together with little sympathy—toothache; and as there are persons who apparently have some dislike to extraction of their teeth, however skilfully that operation may be performed, either by the key or forceps, it may be desirable to know that the lentisk is highly beneficial to the teeth. The poet Martial has expressed a similar opinion in the following lines :

*“Lentiscum melius; sed si tibi frondea cuspis
Defuerit, dentes penna levare potest.”*

Apart from its property of healing diseases whether slight or severe, the lentisk, which is indigenous

to the Maddalena, possesses qualities which are useful in arts and manufactures. There is scarce any shrub which yields such good resinous matter as the lentisk; and that which grows in the Maddalena may be the more valuable in these days, because the best gum-mastic has not been obtainable in Chios ever since that island ceased to be under Genoese authority. Its Turkish rulers will not permit the export of any gum-mastic to European countries except that which is of an inferior quality, while they reserve the superior quality for the decoration of buildings and other purposes at Cairo and Constantinople. But while Chios has ceased to be free, the Maddalena and some neighbouring islands have been relieved both from the misrule of Spain and from the incursions of African pirates. It is therefore possible that the lentisk which grows so well in the islands near Garibaldi's home, without being a source of much wealth, might prove at least valuable enough to reward private enterprise, and to increase the intercourse between England and some of the islands of Italy.

The little town of the Maddalena, standing on an acclivity near the shore, and resting against a background of hills, appeared to me very picturesque. There is a large church in it, but to me it seemed rather in want of a congregation. However, it is not deficient in ornament, and among the valuable things which it contains are several presents from the renowned Nelson. As to the priests, they are said to luxuriate at the Maddalena; and as to the laity, though not so bigoted nor so ignorant as their Sardinian neighbours, they are much attached to Papal authority. Indeed, one day, when I was walking through the steep and rocky streets of the town with a layman, he complained to me that Garibaldi had irreverently called two of his donkeys Pio Nono and Antonelli; but it has not yet been my lot to see either these donkeys or their worthy godfathers.

One of the three English inhabitants of the Maddalena related to me some of the causes of Garibaldi's fixing his home in the neighbouring island. The General informed her husband, whose brother has since become an eminent Queen's

Counsel, early in the year 1855, that he intended to live at Porto Pullo, in Sardinia. As Nelson highly appreciated the situation of that place for a naval station, it is possible that the maritime tastes of Garibaldi may have induced him to consider it too favourably for a place of residence.

It is said that during the months of summer and autumn Porto Pullo is subject to two kinds of fever—one of which kills the patient, and the other, which is of an intermittent character, is almost incurable. The English resident in the Maddalena, whom Garibaldi consulted, strongly advised him not to make Porto Pullo his home. He added,

“I am buying Caprera, and you can have part of it at a proportionate value, or, in other words, at the price which it costs me.”

With just and generous confidence in a man well worthy of it, Garibaldi concluded the bargain immediately. Caprera may be too well ventilated, but it is subject to none of the noxious influences which produce agues, fevers, and other diseases. The average rate of mortality cannot well be calculated in a place which does not seem to contain

so many as two dozen inhabitants, but in the neighbouring island of the Maddalena, where the soil and climate are almost the same as at Caprera, amongst a population of two thousand there are many instances of longevity. Madame Schwarz records in her book some examples of old age which are rather extraordinary, and almost too romantic for an insurance company. While she was climbing up the rocks she met a gentleman coming down, who told her his name, and also his age, which was only ninety-eight, adding that his hair had been rendered gray by family affliction.

There are, however, many instances of long life at the Maddalena, and among them might be mentioned that of an honourable and intelligent officer of the British navy, who was in action fifty-nine years ago. Indeed, the climate of the smaller islands near the Straits of Bonifacio is said to be highly salubrious, and far preferable to that of Sardinia. Nevertheless, the day may arrive when Garibaldi's intended place of residence, Porto Pullo, may become not only healthy, but flourishing. It is near that majestic rock of Tavolara,

which serves as a natural breakwater to this part of Sardinia, so that the numerous gulfs and bays which here indent its shores are well protected, and could well afford a secure refuge to fleets of vessels. They would also give facility in exporting the produce of a country which Nature has endowed largely. But at present the shores of these gulfs and bays which face Tavolara are so thinly peopled, that the lands are untilled and the swamps undrained. These evils would probably vanish if the English engineer, Mr. Piercy, should succeed in making the projected line of railway from Ozieri down to this part of the Sardinian coast. If this railway should be completed, the situation of Porto Pullo would doubtless be improved. Meantime, it is not a desirable place of residence. Therefore it is fortunate that Garibaldi should have been induced by English advice to abandon his intention of settling at Porto Pullo, in favour of a place comparatively so poor and barren as Caprera.

Though toleration of all religions is an advantage which cannot be prized too highly, the

Sardinians boast that no heresy has been able yet to spread in their island. Such being at present the bigotry of its inhabitants, it is probable that no part of Sardinia might have suited Garibaldi, who evidently has a great aversion to Popery. It is also probable that no other place could have suited him so well as Caprera. Yet before he came to live in this island it seems to have been very seldom chosen as a place of residence. Indeed, Colonel Vecchj, in the interesting little work from which I have already made some quotations, states that the first house erected in Caprera was built about one hundred and fifty years ago, by a bandit from Porto Vecchio, in Corsica. However, he broke up his establishment in a few years, and went to Sardinia, where he found a better scope for his business; so that probably he may have at length scraped together sufficient money to pay for masses for the repose of his soul. After his departure from Caprera, there was never any fixed population in it until Garibaldi bought a portion of it, in the year 1855, from Mr. Collins.

It is not easy to account for this absence of inhabitants, though all the islands near the Straits of Bonifacio may have been infested by pirates from Barbary, and thus rendered unsafe for habitation. Even so late as the year 1812, a marriage party in the Maddalena was interrupted in the midst of its festivities by the landing of a large number of pirates. They knocked down the bridegroom, who lay for some time on the rocks insensible. When he looked up he could not find his bride, but he saw the vessels of the pirates on the smooth wave, with all their canvas spread, as the wind was favourable to them. The sea was sparkling with the noon-day sun, and seemed even brighter than the shore. Presently it was discovered that almost all the ladies had gone upon a cruise. So decidedly were they preferred by the African guests, who may have had "a special license" for the occasion, that for a long time afterwards Maddalena was short of women. They were therefore obliged to send to Parau for ladies, because, as usual, the island of Caprera did not possess either man or woman. It is said that

trade was not dull at that time between Parau and the Maddalena. On the contrary, it was remarkably brisk and lively.

Although this event in the year 1812 made a strong impression in the Maddalena, yet piracy had been on the decrease ever since the year 1767. In that year the viceroy of Sardinia, Des Hayes, sent against the neighbouring islands, or rather towards them, a small squadron, for the purpose of taking possession of them, in the name of the House of Savoy. The men on board the royal vessels landed first at the Maddalena, which was then inhabited by a few shepherds, natives of Corsica. These peaceable men, instead of offering a useless resistance, were very glad to accept the protection of the invaders, who, in return for this good reception, built a fort for the safety of the islanders, and also left in it a small garrison. The squadron next proceeded to Caprera, where they encountered no resistance, as that island was then without an inhabitant. Their success was easy, and their triumph bloodless, with all the other islands.

By this annexation to the house of Savoy, in

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the larger island of the Maddalena, the number of people increased, and their habits were altered. Shepherds soon gave way to agriculturists, and agriculturists in a few years to sailors. The first inducements to a seafaring life probably were the gain by fishing, and the profitable excitement of smuggling. A maritime taste grew up to such an extent, that few except old men, women, and children remained on shore. Thus in the great revolutionary war, when all Italy, except Sardinia and its tributary islands, fell into the hands of the enemy, the Maddalena became a great naval depôt. But while the Maddalena became thus important, Caprera had no permanent inhabitants, and the cause of this difference in the state of the two islands may have been the innumerable sunken rocks which render Caprera difficult of access. It is at least certain that the ship of Nelson, rather avoiding that island, lay in the strait which separates the Maddalena from Sardinia, and which is called the Roads of Agincourt. This channel is also quite enough intersected with rocks, and therefore the navigation of it is some-

what unsafe, except to skilful pilots and experienced mariners. These rocks, however, were so far useful to the great Nelson, that he could remain behind them, perhaps unseen, or scarce approachable, if seen, and spy the movements of hostile vessels, as the channel commands a view of the open sea. The high mountain, which rises near the house of Garibaldi, Tejalone, also commands a very extensive view of the sea; and though it may not have been so used during the war against France, yet a few men might not have been uselessly employed in reconnoitring on its summit, and signalling or communicating with the English fleet, in case of necessity.

My visit to Caprera produced a natural desire to trace its past history, or, at least, the state of the island in former times. The house in which I was a guest did not appear altogether foreign to such a purpose, as most of the rooms in it seemed well stored with books. Many of these were presents to Garibaldi, and others, including the biography of that accomplished soldier, Sir Howard Douglas, were the result of his own

selection. They served to amuse me every day before the sun rose, for at Caprera I imitated the General's habit of early rising. There, also, availing myself of his expression, "Command what you please in this house, Sir Charles," I obtained from his servants before five o'clock a cup of my favourite beverage. So good was the coffee at Caprera, that as I quaffed the beverage I could not refrain from thinking that Europe, at least, owes a deep debt of gratitude to that head of a monastery who resolved to try the effects of dissolution in hot water of a certain Arabian berry.

After warming and refreshing myself in the dark mornings of November with a cup of Garibaldi's coffee, I gratified my love of fresh air by throwing open the window to look at those gems of heaven the stars, or at the grey dawn, or at the rocks. As I inhabited the ground-floor, this act generally brought me visitors in the shape of dogs, huge and powerful, but gentle as their great owner. To escape the cold blasts of winter, which are strong at Caprera, a blood-hound would

occasionally lie down beside me on a warm tiger skin. With such good company, I looked at some of the books of voyages, travels, poetry, religion, and history, besides gazetteers, and other works, with which my apartment abounded. I opened books about Sicily and other places comparatively near the General's house, and also books about China, and many other countries far away, which Garibaldi had visited, but in vain did I look for any book descriptive of Caprera.

As the Mediterranean is, perhaps, the sea on which the art of navigation was first tried, hundreds, or even thousands of years have elapsed since it was first known, and during that long lapse of ages many islands have, in a sense either political, commercial, or classical, attained an importance which has been more or less transient. That little rock near Caprera, the Cavallo, too small even to be called an island, was known to the Romans merely as a quarry of the finest granite. The adjacent island of Sardinia, after the decay of its wealth, and the neglect of both its cereal and mineral resources, enjoyed a strange distinction.

The reader of Gibbon's immortal work, "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," will remember that about the year A.D. 530, Sardinia became the abode, during fifteen years, of no fewer than two hundred and twenty bishops. The neighbouring island of Caprera, however, got no share of bishops, which may appear somewhat unfair, because another neighbouring island, Corsica, enjoyed an honour similar to that of Sardinia, though to a less extent, as the flight of bishops towards it about the year A.D. 530, did not exceed forty-six in number. In short, with the exception of its temporary occupation by a Saracen commander, who meditated an enterprise against the patrimony of Saint Peter, the name of Caprera is rarely mentioned in any history either of ancient or modern days.

The island of Caprera, besides being without notice in history, seems to have been, until Garibaldi settled on it, generally uninhabited, although islands of less dimensions are populous. Among these may be mentioned Capraja, which I passed on my way from Leghorn. It possesses about

2500 inhabitants, although it is much smaller than Caprera. Yet the latter island, besides having a very salubrious climate, is not without productiveness. It is favourable to the culture of the vine, and to the growth of figs, olives, oranges, chestnuts, and several varieties of fruit. Perhaps the climate and soil of Caprera may be also pronounced favourable to the growth of cotton, as a slight quantity of it was produced there not long since, and the quality was found excellent. But even if it could be grown at a remunerative price in the island of Garibaldi, it is not probable that he would like to live in the midst of a colony of cotton-planters. However, there seems little chance of the searchers for wealth endeavouring to disturb the retirement of Caprera; for that island has few material resources, and possesses little aptitude for the pursuits of trade and commerce. It is an island of steep and sharply-pointed rocks; but the flowers which grow among them are lovely, and the vines luxuriant, and the patches of grass in the hollows between the rocks are velvet like; while the streams which descend from the heights

serve to fertilize some of these localities. The mountain which rises near the house of Garibaldi is lofty and commanding, like some model of human greatness, which rises above ordinary men.

The sea is usually stormy, and the waves which dash against the rock-bound sides of Caprera help to break its prevailing solitude. In short, for its beauty and grandeur this island is largely indebted to the gifts of Nature, and for its interest to the presence of Garibaldi.

Whatever may be Garibaldi's opinion about the growth of cotton near his own abode, he is highly favourable to its cultivation in Sardinia. He expressed to me his belief that cotton of excellent quality might be grown in that island. Three of the principal qualifications for the growth of that valuable plant are a certain degree of heat, a sandy soil, and vicinity to the sea. Besides having the last two requisites in many of its localities, the large island of Sardinia cannot be said to want the first of them, because the palm-tree flourishes in it, which tree cannot thrive where the solar influence is feeble. But the warming, nourishing,

and invigorating effects of the sun are there neutralized by the chilling influence of bigotry and intolerance.

Although Sardinia does not, as formerly, belong to Spain, much of the soil still belongs to Spanish proprietors, who have used their utmost efforts, within the last thirty years, to prevent the introduction of the culture of cotton. In their ignorance and their prejudice, they thought that it would yield no profit. They also thought that it would interfere with agriculture. However, the cotton is not sown until the months of March and April, and the gathering of the cotton harvest, or picking of cotton, rarely commences before October. Moreover, this light labour is easily performed by women and children. Thus the interference of the cotton culture with the seed-time and harvest, and all the operations of the cornfield, is impossible. This truth may, in course of time, dawn on the minds of the Sardinians, and induce them to give the cultivation of cotton a fair trial. Meanwhile, it may be remembered that the best cotton is produced in countries where the soil, climate, and

situation do not differ much from those of Sardinia, but where the state of the people is entirely the reverse of that of the Sardinians. Thus, in the American state of Georgia, which produces some of the finest cotton in the world, there is perfect toleration ; and though the majority of the people are Wesleyans and Baptists, all religious denominations are placed on an equal footing. On the contrary, in Sardinia the people are so rigidly attached to the Roman Catholic faith, that no other religion is tolerated by them ; and, as already remarked, no heresy has yet been able to spread itself in their island.

Though there may be apparent absurdity in representing this spirit of intolerance as unfavourable to the culture of cotton, yet it is an historical truth that both the culture of cotton and the manufacture of its productions declined in Spain when the Moors were expelled from that country by their more intolerant adversaries—the Roman Catholics.

These reflections sprung from my conversations with Garibaldi, who informed me that he had

remained fourteen years in South America, and also that he had lived in several of the cotton-growing countries. He resided for some time in the Brazils, where good cotton is produced, and where, though the established church is Roman Catholic, all other forms of Christianity are both tolerated and protected. The cotton of the Brazils, however, is far inferior to that which is grown about thirty-five degrees north of the Equator, especially in Carolina. There the climate somewhat resembles that of Sardinia; but so different is the religion of the people in these last two places, that Carolina is nearly void of Papists and Sardinia of Protestants.

All this seems well known to Garibaldi, whose knowledge both of men and countries is extensive. If, as he thinks, good cotton could be grown in the large island adjacent to his own, the freight or charge for transmitting it to England might, on account of the comparative shortness of the voyage, not be expensive.

Soon after this conversation with me about Sardinia, Garibaldi told one of his guests that he

considered that island better adapted to the growth of cotton than the territory of the Two Sicilies; which remark called to mind that both these fine territories have been wasted at different periods of time, that of the two Sicilies under the iron sway of Spanish Bourbon kings, and that of Sardinia under the bigoted rule of Spanish viceroys.

My conversations at Caprera with its noble owner have given me the opinion that he likes England next after his own country, and that he would rejoice at a largely increased export, whether it were of silk, cotton, wine, oil, or any other produce, from Sardinia or any part of Italy to England, because this increased export, by rendering the ties closer, and the intercourse more frequent, between the two countries, would tend to increase the liberty and promote the welfare of his own.

Before my visit to Caprera the character of Garibaldi had appeared to me as a shield to the oppressed and a mirror of truth. I had not been long under his roof before he reminded me of a book of knowledge.

One day, soon after twelve o'clock, when we

were at dinner, and after I had just finished a plate of excellent *minestra*, some of the Italians asked information from me about certain bottles of sauces which an English yacht-possessing nobleman had left at Caprera. Perceiving that one of these bottles was marked Chutnee, I remarked that the mango was amongst its ingredients. Garibaldi immediately said, "I have often seen the mango-tree in the Brazils, India, China, and other countries." He described the great height to which it grows in many places, together with the rather glossy appearance of its leaf, the yellow colour of its flower, the size of the nut and kernel, and many particulars, all of which to me, who had not been in any part of the tropics, was both new and interesting. He also described some of the other products of the Brazils in a very pleasing manner, and then he narrated a few of his adventures while warring in that country. As soon as there was a pause in the conversation, I prevailed on some of the Italians who were sitting near me to try the Chutnee sauce ; but they soon appeared to have had quite enough of it, and one of them

vowed he would not taste it again unless, in case of illness, it was prescribed for him by his medical attendant. As for myself, I required no sauces at the General's hospitable house, so palatable without them were the abundant repasts of dinner and supper. The last two were so like each other, that I could have thought I was dining twice a day, if the supper of meat, fruit, wine, &c., had not been accompanied by tea, which, with the General, is a favourite beverage.

The *collazione* was at nine o'clock in the morning. How excellent then was the fresh milk! If good milk be the test of good cows, the patches of long grass at Caprera must afford good pasture for cows. Perhaps there are not two houses in Caprera, and as the number of cows which belong to Garibaldi is not less than one hundred and eighty, there is no necessity, on the ground of an insufficient supply, to dilute the milk with water, after the fashion of some great cities. In large towns it sometimes happens that cattle are maintained in places which are almost without air and light, and which seem little better than

Roman prisons. At Caprera the animals, whether cows, dogs, or horses, are generally free to rove, and are always treated by their noble owner with a gentleness to which the subjects of some rulers, or mortal gods on earth, as Lord Bacon has called them, are unfortunately strangers.

CHAPTER IV.

CONVERSATIONS WITH GARIBALDI—A RELIC OF ANITA—GARIBALDI ON THE BRAZILIAN COAST—LOSS OF THE "RIO PARDO"—GALLANT CONDUCT OF GARIBALDI—A COTTAGE IN THE PROVINCE OF SAINT CATHERINE—GARIBALDI'S COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE—A NOVEL HONEYMOON EXCURSION—A SEA-FIGHT—FORTITUDE AND BRAVERY OF ANITA—ENCOUNTER ON THE LAKE OF IMERUI—CONVEYING STORES ASHORE—CARE OF THE WOUNDED—MADE PRISONER AT THE BATTLE OF SANTA VITTORIA—ROMANTIC ESCAPE—DANGEROUS JOURNEY IN SEARCH OF GARIBALDI—MENOTTI'S BIRTH AND ROUGHLY-CRADLED INFANCY—JOURNEY THROUGH THE GLOOMY FOREST DAS ANTAS—GARIBALDI'S RETURN TO ITALY—SURRENDER OF ROME AND DEPARTURE OF THE PATRIOT CHIEF—DEATH OF ANITA—MENOTTI'S HERCULEAN STRENGTH—RICIOTTI AND HIS FAVOURITE PURSUITS—TERESA—IMPOLICY OF INTOLERANCE—GARIBALDI'S AVERSION TO POPERY—EXTRACT FROM HIS SPEECH AT PALERMO—WOUNDED AND CAPTURED BY THE TROOPS OF ROSAS—UNREMITTING CARE OF A YOUNG MILITARY SURGEON—TORTURED BY AN OFFICER OF ROSAS—THE GENERAL'S AFFABILITY—HIS GUESTS—DEPARTURE FROM CAPRERA.

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CHAPTER IV.

TO visit in any gentleman's house, from the highest to the lowest, and either to repeat the conversations in that house, or to divulge its contents, would be a breach of the laws of decorum and honour. There are, however, exceptions to this rule which will readily be admitted even by the most fastidious and scrupulous. I spoke to Garibaldi both about Mazzini and the mango. Perhaps the most scrupulous will not seriously object to my having repeated some of the General's words on the latter of these two subjects. However, with regard to the former, Mazzini, although, during my stay at Caprera, I had several conversations about him both with Garibaldi and his guests, I fear to divulge their opinions of the Italian visionary.

I now approach a subject very different from

either. It is the hair of Garibaldi's wife, which I saw in a room at the extremity of his house. I do not fear to allude to her, because more than I can say about Anita has been already published. I mentioned not her name within hearing of Garibaldi, nor did I hear him allude to her. Yet all I heard both in Caprera and elsewhere has impressed me with the belief that she not only shared the joys and sorrows of her husband, but also partook largely his hardships and dangers. It was my lot, during my absence from England, to become acquainted with some interesting events in the last ten years of the life of Anita, and also with those incidents in the career of Garibaldi which immediately preceded his knowledge of her, and which may even have subsequently contributed to their union. While they were fresh in my memory I committed them to paper, and as they are chiefly of a public nature, I feel no hesitation in relating a part of them.

It may not be out of place here to remark that there are events in the lives of some men which, though they may appear in the gloomy light of mis-

fortunes, are yet so overruled, or predestined and ordained, that they are the precursors, and even the causes, of their happiness. So it was with Garibaldi. Some days before he first saw Anita he was ordered to cruise along the Brazilian coast, while his General, Canivarro, should attack the enemy by land. The name of Garibaldi's vessel was the *Rio Pardo*. It had not more than thirty men on board; but, unlike the other vessels which accompanied it, the *Rio Pardo* was overladen with stores. A violent storm burst forth the night after the vessel had put to sea; the *Rio Pardo* sank beneath the raging waters, and out of the thirty men on board sixteen were drowned. Garibaldi not only saved himself by swimming more than a mile, but observing a number of pieces of timber floating around him, he stopped his onward motion for some time, and employed this interval in collecting all the floating materials which he could, and in pushing them towards the less expert swimmers. Thus did the future Dictator of Naples, at the moment when his own life seemed in the greatest

peril, contrive means for the rescue of several of his companions.

The coast on which Garibaldi and the survivors of the ill-fated *Rio Pardo* were at length tossed by the breakers was in the province of Saint Catherine. The inhabitants of this wild country shewed the shipwrecked strangers much kindness, and one of them presented a horse to Garibaldi, with which he rode to a hill called Barra. There he beheld a solitary dwelling. It was on the banks of a river, in the vicinity of a forest, and in the midst of rocks and mountains. The owner invited Garibaldi to enter. He was a widower with two young daughters, both of whom were beautiful. The younger of them appeared superior to the elder. Her voice was soft, and her figure symmetrical; her eyes were bright, her features refined, and her manners gentle. How often do true courage and indomitable spirit reside beneath a soft exterior! So it was with this fair inhabitant of a cottage in the mountains of the southern part of the Brazils. Her name was Anita.

The courtship which ensued was not long, and

the marriage which followed it was not celebrated with any of those artificial forms or ceremonies which are usual on such occasions at St. George's, Hanover Square, and in other fashionable parts of London. In several places more civilised than the banks of a South American river, the bridegroom would not think it right to go through the marriage ceremony without wearing a pair of kid gloves beautiful in their whiteness. At the *déjeuner* he sits generally along with his wife in front of a large cake, sugared over, and adorned with allegorical figures, which the poetry of the confectioner may have devised as emblematical of the happiness of wedded life. Their eyes admiringly fixed on this specimen of artistic skill, with its sweet foretaste of conjugal bliss, the happy couple are probably condemned to hear their virtues extolled by some orator; and whether it be the goodness of their character, or the excellence of the champagne, or any other theme, the result almost always is, that the eulogistic speech is received with much approbation. Perhaps, if any one of the party is disconcerted, it is the

happy man, who has to stand up and make a reply to the praises which have been lavished on himself. In such a situation, though he may have learnt his speech beforehand, he is too often like a dull actor who has forgotten his part.

So void of all form and ceremony was the marriage of Garibaldi with Anita, that there is nothing about it to describe. The beautiful river on the banks of which it took place will probably continue to flow until the world is dissolved. So it was with the happiness of Garibaldi and Anita, which, taking its rise on the bright morning of their union, continued afterwards to run on without interruption, until death, by taking away Anita, at last brought it to an end.

It is said that at the time of the marriage Garibaldi did not like at once to deprive a fond father of one of the chief supports of his happiness ; the old man appearing to him like a decayed tree propped up by two young and vigorous plants. But the happy bridegroom was soon obliged to join the army of Canivarro. Therefore a few days after the wedding, the future Dictator of Naples and his bride,

mounted on Brazilian horses, set out upon their honeymoon excursion. A guide accompanied them, and in less than a week they reached the Montevidean army.

Anita, by her devotion, soon gave proof that she was worthy to be the wife of Garibaldi. On his being ordered to put to sea again, with the view of attacking the Brazilian men-of-war, she determined not to remain on shore behind him. She soon had an excellent opportunity of sharing his dangers, for before the end of the honeymoon a hostile ship-of-war, favoured by the wind, came down on the vessel in which she was sailing. After the enemy had begun to cannonade furiously, Anita was entreated to go below. She appeared to consent, but soon returned on deck, pushing up two sailors, who, less brave than herself, had been seeking shelter in the cabin; and these men she either obliged or encouraged to take part in the combat. Hot, indeed, was the firing, and so near were the two vessels to each other, that the men on board were able to use the carbine with deadly effect. With all her feminine and unobtrusive gentleness, the

fortitude of Anita was proof against the harrowing and revolting effects of the unsightly and mutilated corpses which strewed the deck of the vessel. Perhaps it might even be added that the heroic example of Garibaldi's wife may so far have inspired some of his sailors as to have contributed to the victory which, after a battle of five hours, he gained over the Brazilian vessel, *La Belle Americaine*; although that ship-of-war was far superior to his own in the force of its guns and the number of its sailors.

Nature had largely endowed Anita with courage, and, in addition to the occasion which we have just described, her marriage with Garibaldi gave her many opportunities of displaying that quality. The next opportunity was on the Lake of Imerui, in Saint Catherine, and not far from Rio Grande. That lake, usually so peaceable, was disturbed by the din of conflict between the vessels of Garibaldi and those of the enemy. In the midst of the balls, which seemed to fall as thick as hailstones, Anita, doubtless looking on the post of danger as the post of honour, remained at her husband's side. Yet

so deadly was the fire of the enemy, that among the officers, who were six in number, Garibaldi was the sole survivor. In consequence of the loss thus sustained, Anita was intrusted with the duty of conveying ashore all the stores from her husband's vessel. For this purpose she went repeatedly from the ship to the shore in a little boat with two rowers; and while these two men seldom failed to lower their heads when the bullets appeared to come near them, the wife of Garibaldi sat calm and erect.

A few days after this encounter on the lake, Garibaldi accompanied the army of Canivarro in an expedition against the enemy. On the march Anita rode by his side, enduring hunger, fatigue, and all the vicissitudes of war without a murmur. She was present on several fields of battle, and as Garibaldi was altogether without medical officers, Anita endeavoured, as far as she could, to supply their place by the most active deeds of humanity. Though doubtless many lives were lost for want of the aid which army medical officers alone can render, yet the wife of Garibaldi, in her Samaritan zeal, resembled

one of that class of men who have been described as

“Soldiers and surgeons, true to either part.”

In short, remaining as she did under fire in all the actions with the enemy, she very often stopped hemorrhage, and in various ways ministered to the necessities of the combatant the instant he was wounded. While thus engaged in her work of heroic charity at the battle of Santa Vittoria, she saw a part of the Montevidean cavalry pursued by the enemy. With an impulsive feeling of bravery she mounted her horse, galloped towards the fugitives, and by shaming them into courage more like her own, succeeded in making them stop their flight and turn suddenly round on their pursuers. Sharp was the combat with sabres and carbines that followed ; and though it was short, too, before it was ended one bullet from the Imperialists pierced the cap of Anita, another killed her horse, and she herself was made prisoner.

Soon after sunset Anita was left alone in a room, in one corner of which she saw the cloak of some Brazilian soldier. Darkness had succeeded sunset almost immediately, for in the tropics there is scarce

any twilight. Hastily putting the cloak over her dress, she ventured to leave her prison, and soon afterwards passed a sentinel without rousing his suspicions. A thunderstorm had burst forth, and the Brazilian soldiers, more intent on sheltering themselves from the fury of the tempest than on preventing the escape of prisoners, had probably hardly conceived the possibility of a female captive roving over the country in so wild a night.

To find her husband, or to get information about him, she must reach Lages, which was about sixty English miles from Cortibani, the place where the Brazilian army was encamped. Yet she commenced this rough journey without any supply of food. It was about eight o'clock in the evening when she escaped from the Brazilian camp. The stars, instead of shedding their lustre when she set out on her lonely journey, were all muffled up, but the flashes of lightning were so vivid that they were almost blinding in their excessive brightness. The thunder also rolled long and loud, the wind roared, and amid this war of the elements Anita rode onward, calm and fearless. In front of

her was one of those immense forests which cover the heights of the Espinano, thinly inhabited by human beings, but in many parts swarming with venomous reptiles. Fortunately Anita did not try to penetrate that gloomy labyrinth of wood, but was obliged to skirt the forest, as the paths to Lages lay in that direction.

Some hours afterwards, when she had emerged from the dark forest, she saw four men on horseback, who appeared, as far as Anita could see by the gray light of dawn, to be Brazilian soldiers. Suddenly, however, they galloped off. After their departure, she approached the river Canoas, which, swollen by the rain, was both deep and rapid. Her horse plunged into it, and, by swimming well, carried its noble rider safely to the opposite bank. Galloping more over rocks than roads, and passing through several mountain streams, she continued riding boldly onward, till she approached a cottage, the owner of which hospitably gave her some food. This was almost the only nourishment which she received during this rough and fatiguing journey. At length

she reached Lages, and there saw Garibaldi. Eight days had elapsed since their last meeting, during which time both of them had been in the midst of such dangers as to make it probable that they might never see each other again. It would be impossible, therefore, to describe the joy of this meeting, which so happily terminated a period of so much suspense and anxiety.

Anita went with Garibaldi from Lages to Saint Simon. There she was obliged by illness to remain, while he was compelled by the exigencies of war to leave her. While thus alone, she gave birth to her first child, Menotti, on the 16th of September, 1840. The child was soon removed by his mother from Saint Simon, the inhabitants of which were somewhat hostile to the Montevideans, in whose favour Garibaldi was fighting. When he was only twelve days old, therefore, Anita took her departure on horseback, grasping her infant, who lay across the saddle in front of her, with her right hand, while in her left she held the bridle.

On the second day of her journey, one of those

storms for which the Brazils is noted burst forth, and the mother sought refuge with her infant in a forest. There, tying her horse to a tree, she endeavoured, as best she could, to find some compensation in the shelter of leaves and branches for the insufficient clothing of herself and her offspring. When the rain had nearly ceased, she remounted her horse, which soon afterwards stumbled, throwing her with the child to the ground. A wound was some time afterwards discovered in the head of Menotti ; but whether it arose from this fall, or from any other cause, was a matter of uncertainty. The mother, however, had not the option of rest, and, as her horse was uninjured, she resumed her seat on its back without delay, and rode onward, till she saw a part of the Montevidean army on its return to Saint Simon. Garibaldi was with it, and when they met she gladdened him by the sight of his first-born child, Menotti, who, though reared in the roughest of cradles, was not only then preserved from death, but has since been enabled to give proofs of filial piety both useful and interesting.

The hardships of Anita did not terminate on the occasion of this happy meeting with Garibaldi after the birth of Menotti. On the contrary, she had to accompany a retreating army through a mountainous country, and in the rainy season. The Montevidean army, in which her husband then held a subordinate command, was prevented from resting at this trying season by the severe defeat which it met with from the Brazilians at the battle of Tarifa. Thus it happened that, though the rains were almost violent enough to have reminded an East Indian of the monsoons, all rest was denied to Anita and the new-born Menotti. However, she was with Garibaldi, and it was better to go anywhere with him than to remain behind. Her journey lay through a part of the gloomy forest Das Antas. Like other forests in this part of the Brazils, it is thick enough to afford excellent retreats for wild beasts. It abounds in streams, but these were so heavily swollen by the rains, that occasionally one detachment of the little Montevidean army would remain for a time separated from another by a stream the depth

and rapidity of which made it almost impassable. Thus the nourishment of the little band sometimes remained imprisoned between two streams or rivers. The loss of life which was thus produced by want of food was more pitiable than the less tedious effects of sword and bullet. So great, altogether, were the privations of this journey, that few of the women or children lived to emerge from the black and gloomy forest of Das Antas.

As Menotti was not yet three months old, it seemed hardly possible that he could be strong enough to survive the hardships of this rough journey. The brave and gentle Anita usually took charge of him, but not always; for when it was necessary to swim across streams, Menotti was tied round his father's neck in a pocket-handkerchief, and in such a manner that Garibaldi was able to warm him by his breath. The difficulty of this journey was much increased by most of the horses dying; and as there was too great a probability that the remainder would also perish, Garibaldi determined to send forward

Anita, with the infant, in charge of a guide. Fortunately they succeeded in reaching the end of the forest, where they found a picket of soldiers and a wood fire. Here not only food was supplied, but also some flannel, which was very useful in wrapping the infant Menotti, and restoring to him that warmth the want of which had made Anita almost despair of his life. The good Samaritans who thus received Anita, besides giving the clothing and food which were so much needed, ministered comfort to her during the days of suspense which elapsed before the arrival of Garibaldi, who, as he had feared, was delayed by the death of all his horses, and the necessity which this loss imposed on him of performing the latter part of the journey on foot.

Not long afterwards Anita shared with her husband the privations and dangers of the war which he waged against the tyranny of the usurper Rosas, who, having submerged the liberty of Buenos Ayres in blood, was endeavouring to subjugate Monte Video. She next accompanied Garibaldi when he returned from South America to his own

classic land, and there followed him in his career of glory.

During the defence of the Eternal City against the legions of France, Anita distinguished herself alike by her zeal, courage, and humanity. When the city at last surrendered to superior force on certain conditions, two courses were open to her. One of them was to avail herself of the terms of the capitulation, and remain safely in Rome along with those who discontinued the war; the other was to follow the standard of her husband, who, with a chosen band, left the gates of Rome in order to fight the enemies of liberty and Italy in the provinces. She resolved upon the latter course. Accordingly, when Garibaldi departed from the city, on one side of him rode his chaplain, Ugo Bassi, who was soon afterwards shot by the Austrians, and on the other his devoted wife Anita.

The life of the latter, however, terminated before that of Ugo Bassi, for in a few days she became very ill, and when she reached the village of Mandrioli, near Ravenna, was unable to proceed. Gari-

baldi therefore carried her to a neighbouring farmhouse, where a doctor from S. Alberto, who was present, gave it as his opinion that Anita was dangerously ill with fever. She was immediately laid on a bed, and Garibaldi remained in the room along with her, anxiously devising means for her recovery while the enemies in pursuit of him were approaching. His Anita, however, in spite of all his efforts, became gradually worse, and at last fell back in his arms and expired.

Thus died Anita. I never ventured to mention her name when Garibaldi was present, but when staying under his roof I looked with much interest at the lock of her hair. I also looked with admiration at the robust proportions of the full-grown Menotti, who, twenty-four years before my visit to Caprera, had been tied round his father's neck in a handkerchief, when the latter was obliged to swim across Brazilian rivers. In spite of the hardships amidst which the infancy of Menotti was spent, his strength is now almost Herculean. He gave a proof of it during the Sicilian campaign in 1860, at which time he was

still only an infant according to the English law, by pulling an officer of the enemy's cavalry somewhat forcibly off his horse, which he appropriated to himself. As the rider was armed with carbine and sabre, this very pardonable case of horse-stealing may be regarded as a proof, not only of Menotti's strength, but also of his courage.

With regard to Riciotti, though he is courageous and manly, he does not possess nearly so much bodily strength as Menotti. On the contrary, he was for a few years rather in a bad state of health. Yet, during the tender years of infancy, he was far less exposed to hardships than his elder brother. To me he appeared more studious than Menotti. He also seemed to have a strong bias in favour of certain studies—a capacity for mathematics, and a love of chemistry. He has amused himself at Caprera with experiments to such an extent, that his father jocosely said he would not have his house blown up by Riciotti. This saying passed so far into an edict, that all the machinery for those experiments in which this young votary of science took delight were at last sent away to an

outhouse. But he has not confined his attention to chemistry; he has given a portion of his time to geology. He has read some of Hugh Miller's works, and among them the "Vestiges of Creation." Such pursuits and occupations seem to indicate talents, but at his early age, seventeen or eighteen—an age when the powers of the mind have generally been little tried—it might be premature to say much about his mental endowments. Well-informed persons, however, have assured me that Riciotti possesses much ability. The greater part of his education has been in England, where he has resided more than seven years. There the art of sailing, as there is abundance of *terra firma*, is not so necessary as at Caprera. I do not know what may be young Riciotti's knowledge as yet of that art, but I was more drenched by the waves when sailing in a little boat under his guidance than at any other time.

At a late hour one afternoon, when the sun had gone down, and the wind had got up, and the sail was well spread, Riciotti seemed to make the boat fly; but this pleasure was marred or damped

by the water in the boat, which, in spite of all my efforts to bale it out, was so much above my feet, that I felt like one undergoing the water-cure. This was, however, after all, only a ludicrous drawback on the pleasure which I experienced, during that November evening, in threading the labyrinth of rocky islets near Caprera, with the son of its noble inhabitant, the young, pleasing, and intelligent Riciotti Garibaldi.

With regard to Garibaldi's daughter, Teresa, she has been described to me, both at Caprera and elsewhere, by persons who have had an opportunity of judging, as "a brave girl." She is very lively in manner, and is said to be kind and generous. Indeed, the quality of generosity seems common to Garibaldi's family, however much his three children may differ from each other in other particulars. As for acquirements, Teresa is unlike her brother Riciotti in her apparent ignorance of the English language. She cannot speak it, and is probably unable to read English books. But she has been well educated, and, if my

information be correct, was boarded at good schools in Italy during some of those years in which her father was campaigning. As for her accomplishments, they are more varied than I was at first led by her feminine appearance to expect; for I understand she is especially excellent in the art of rowing, and her skilful use of the oar surprised me amid the big waves off the coast of Sardinia. She is also a good singer. Her musical power of voice delighted me much, under her father's hospitable roof.

Riciotti's facility in speaking English—because I am not a linguist—and Madame Canzio's exquisite voice in singing—because I am fond of music—contributed, with many other causes, to the pleasure of my visit while at Caprera. However, the chief interest of that visit lay in the conversations which I enjoyed with its illustrious inhabitant, though I could not always give a ready assent to his opinions, especially when he discoursed about Popery. To me intolerance, or even the approach to it, has always appeared a much greater evil than Popery itself. But the case

of England and that of Italy, in relation to the Roman Catholic religion, may be widely different. It cannot be asserted of England that her capital is withheld from her by the Pope, or that the energies of her people are wasted, their industry checked, their wealth diminished, their minds enslaved, or their hearts corrupted by Roman Catholicism. Nor can it be asserted that robbery and murder, or brigandage, as it is elsewhere called, are here encouraged by those professing that faith, or that Papists have any influence in preventing the free use of the Bible. In short, the errors of the Romish Church, or any other religious errors, do not seem to produce so great an amount of evil in this country as might be produced in it by the intolerance of those errors.

So great is the impolicy of intolerance, that governments have rarely had recourse to it in order to support a favourite church, without being obliged to pay dearly for such folly; as in the case of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, which cost France the loss of about fifty thousand

industrious subjects, and prepared the way for many evils besides. The church which needs the aid of penal enactments for her support can derive very little strength or vitality from her own doctrines. She must be quite the reverse of the Church of England, whose doctrines are so deeply rooted in Christianity, that she can well afford to be widely tolerant of other churches. But the Church of England has a well-defined creed, which, although quite extensive enough for the range of free inquiry, is far removed from the principles of the latitudinarian, and entirely opposed to the spirit of the poet's words in the two following lines :

“ For modes of Faith let graceless zealots fight,
His can't be wrong whose life is in the right.”

On the contrary, she may aspire to orthodoxy, while at the same time she is tolerant to those who are not within her pale, instead of denouncing them as heretics. By this wise and gentle conduct the Church of England exhibits to the world a proof that her faith is certainly not unchristian,

and her assurance that her position is not unsafe.

In these days intolerance may be regarded by many Englishmen as a greater evil than Popery ; but in the days of Queen Elizabeth it may have been thought the lesser evil of the two, on the ground that Popery includes want of toleration, and many evils besides. Those who lived when heretical England was threatened by an attack of the Spanish Armada, which, if it had succeeded, might have encouraged the Spaniards to retain possession of London, with pertinacity equal to that with which foreigners have in modern times continued to garrison Rome, and who were then old enough to remember the persecutions of the preceding reign, might well have been excused for their intolerance of Popery. Thus the Italians of the present day, who have seen their prosperity blighted and their progress checked by the Papacy ; who have witnessed their natural capital, the Eternal City, garrisoned by foreign bayonets during a series of years, in order to serve the interests of Christ's alleged Vicar ; who have found in several

of their own sovereigns greater tyrants than the English found in James the Second, and who have experienced from the Papacy infinitely greater evils than ever were inflicted by it upon Englishmen, may be excused for giving utterance to bitter language against the ministers of the Roman Catholic religion. Reflections such as these, after I had been a few weeks in Italy, tended to diminish my first feelings of surprise on hearing the sentiments of loathing and contempt which were breathed against the Roman Catholic priesthood by most of the Italians with whom I conversed, either at Genoa or elsewhere.

Garibaldi is not averse to toleration. On the contrary, he is desirous that all religious denominations in Italy should be placed on an equal footing. Yet, in spite of this wish, he is averse to Popery ; and he appears to think the flourishing state of the faith of the Roman Catholic Church inconsistent with the free existence of any other faith. He seems apprehensive lest the craft of the priest should undo those benefits which the sword of the patriot has accomplished for Italy. He

seems to dread lest the wily serpent, scotched, not killed, may still be lurking in that garden of Europe, its fangs loaded with fresh accumulated poison. However, as an antidote to priestly craft, he is a great encourager of schools; and in his enlightened project of establishing them, he is ably seconded by one of the most aristocratic families in Genoa.

Believing that priestly encroachment was making progress in England unheeded, Garibaldi expressed to me his opinion of the treatment which certain foreign dignitaries residing among us deserved. I remarked to him that England was a land of liberty and toleration, but he answered that to give liberty to these men was the same as giving liberty to thieves in one's own house. With all due deference to the General, however, I think if a young heiress, when she comes of age, chooses to renounce the religion in which she has been trained—to give the fruits of a fond father's industry to some religious house—to take for her mental and spiritual guide some priest, be he young or old—to marry the Church—or to take

any step which the promptings of a young and ardent mind may suggest, the Government ought not to interpose restrictions. Against mental suicide there is no law whatever in this country. Here there is no intolerance of error, nor censorship of books. In what he reads each consults his own judgment, and, as the poet says :

“Our judgments differ as our watches—none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own.”

Accordingly, some like to read the annals of the Fathers, and the biographies of those saints who, in the dark ages, were the pioneers of Christianity in heathen lands ; or the more recent adventures of those members of the Society of Jesus who carried the doctrines of the Holy Trinity even into China and Japan, and who planted the banner of the cross in regions far beyond any which the Roman eagles had been able to penetrate. Others of a different taste consider that in such books, to use nearly the words of Milton, the truth is tainted with superstition and with the traditions of men. They agree with the poet that the truth has been

“Left only in those written records pure,
Though not but by the spirit understood.”

Such is also the opinion of Garibaldi. He loves to search out truth amid the pure records of the Bible, while he denounces those spiritual dignitaries who, in Milton's words,

“Seek to avail themselves of names,
Places, and titles, and with these to join
Secular power; though feigning still to act
By spiritual, to themselves appropriating
The spirit of God, promised alike and given
To all believers.”

He agrees also in the opinion of Milton that there is none

“ On earth,
Who against faith and conscience can be heard
Infallible.”

In short, he described to me the Pope as Anti-Christ, and the religion of the priests as that of the Devil. While repeating these strong words, my chief care has been not to divulge anything which Garibaldi might possibly have said to me under his roof, or anywhere in private intercourse.

These sentiments on religion here attributed to him have been already pronounced by him in public, and recorded in print ; in proof of which I make the following brief extract from Garibaldi's speech at Palermo, which is to be found in the interesting and authentic work of Colonel Chambers :

“ My friends, I do not belong to the Church of the Pope, and I even desire to cleanse the Eternal City from the clerical abominations accumulated during a thousand years of temporal sovereignty and iniquitous misgovernment. I am, however, a member of that Catholic Church the doctrines of which Christ our Saviour came on earth to preach, and I implore you to distinguish between the true servants of Christ and the servants of the Devil. What I want you fully to understand is, that Christ came to redeem mankind, and his atonement is sufficient for those who believe the everlasting truths of the Gospel. Freedom goes hand in hand with the Gospel, and those only are Christ's followers who preach its entire doctrines.”

One afternoon, at Caprera, in order to interest

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me, a book was put before me which contained illustrations or drawings, and short but graphic descriptions of scenes in the life of Garibaldi. They seemed chiefly to refer to his adventures amid the forests, mountains, lakes, and rivers of South America. How much, I thought, as I turned over the pages of the work before me, has the General seen of the grandeur of Nature on the shores of the Pacific and the Atlantic, and on both sides of the Andes; and yet his name as a traveller is eclipsed by his renown as a soldier, sailor, and patriot! Long ago the love of Garibaldi for humanity, justice, and liberty seems to have rendered him a cause of apprehension to despots.

While my mind was occupied by these thoughts, my eye rested on a drawing which represented the noble Italian suspended by his arms and wrists from a beam, his feet not nearly reaching the ground. My curiosity being excited to know how he had come into such an unpleasant position, I began immediately to read the narrative of that part of his career.

Soon after Rosas had been placed at the head of affairs in Buenos Ayres, though long before his vices had found much opportunity to display themselves, he conceived a plan for depriving Garibaldi of his liberty. Accordingly, when the latter was sailing near Monte Video in a small vessel, it was immediately boarded by a large number of armed men, who summoned him to surrender. As Garibaldi refused to obey the summons, several shots were fired at him, and a bullet lodged in his neck, near one of the carotid arteries. This wound, it is almost unnecessary to add, rendered him incapable of further resistance. He had, however, the good fortune at first to fall into the hands of some humble but unwilling instruments of tyranny, men who were obliged to execute the orders of their superiors, but who seemed cordially desirous of tempering injustice with humanity. They ministered to his wants, and procured him also the aid of a young military surgeon.

Those who know anything of gunshot wounds are well aware that the bullet is oftentimes so erratic in its course, after it has once entered the flesh,

that it may ultimately lodge in the body of a wounded person, in a place having apparently little connection with that where it first entered. Yet there are many cases in which, if the bullet is not extracted, the patient will sink under the effects of a continuance of pain and illness. The future Dictator of Naples, however, was entirely cured of his wound by the skill of the South American surgeon, who detected the spot to which the bullet had wandered, and, after making the necessary incision, easily extracted it. Garibaldi was also cured of a fever, which at one time seemed almost deadly, by the unremitting attention of the same military surgeon. Those who had charge of him were courteous towards him, and as they did not appear to trouble themselves about preventing his escape, he fled; but unfortunately, on his way to Monte Video, he fell into the power of a high officer of the state of Buenos Ayres, who was an intimate friend of its ruler. This officer, whose nature was perhaps congenial to that of the despot, ordered that the hands and arms of Garibaldi should be bound with cords; and when the captive was thus secured he

displayed his own despicable spirit by striking him with a whip. He then called on the noble Italian to reveal certain matters of which he was supposed to be cognizant ; and when the latter persisted in his silence, he ordered him to be fastened to a beam, and tortured, if possible, into disclosure. What next happened is to me unknown, for my reading was interrupted by Maurizio, who, entering the room, pronounced the word "Cena;" a few minutes after hearing which, I was sitting at the hospitable table of Garibaldi, urged by his kind voice and my own good appetite to eat and drink of the good things spread before us.

The eleventh day of my sojourn with Garibaldi was approaching. The General asked me not to go, but I thought it right to withstand the tempting invitation. It occurred to me after supper that a few autographs might be prized by some of my friends in England. The General, however, had retired to his room, not being quite well. Though we were unwilling to disturb him, one of his most intimate friends went to him, and soon afterwards returned, saying: "I would have

brought you more than six autographs, but the General is at present engaged reading his Bible."

There is in Garibaldi none of that repulsive *hauteur* which characterises meaner individuals; on the contrary, he always exhibits much of that Christian regard for the feelings of others, which makes him studious of their wishes. It was this kind feeling, no doubt, which induced him to give me one or two presents for my daughter, the night before my departure.

The following day I went down to the water's edge, and met him returning from the yacht. We walked up amidst the rock and myrtle to his house. The General then asked me to go into his study, and taking up a photograph of himself, altogether different from any which I had yet seen, he wrote on it, "*To my dear friend Sir Charles McGrigor, &c.*" I received it with delight and gratitude, assuring him that it would be an heirloom in my family; and under the influence of these feelings bade the noble Garibaldi farewell.

I now took leave of the General's guests. They were chiefly men who had combated under

Garibaldi, against tyranny, whether spiritual or temporal. Formidable as they, no doubt, were in the field of battle, to me they were gentle and courteous. Among the guests were an English Colonel and his wife, with whom an Englishman could not associate without feeling proud of his country. They accompanied me in my walk or scramble, amongst the rock and myrtle down to the shore. Before I had gone far, I turned my eye once more to that house in which I had received so much kind hospitality. I stood a few minutes gazing at the abode of truth in all her moral beauty, so appropriately situated amid the most attractive scenery of Nature. In front of me were the rocky islands of San Stefano and the Maddalena. To the north were the mountains of Corsica, of an azure blue colour, except where whitened by snow, and to the south were the dark and gigantic mountains of Sardinia. Not far off lay at anchor the yacht which had lately conveyed me to one of the most interesting of picnics. The mountain air was pure, and the moral atmosphere untainted. With the thoughts of pleasures unalloyed still fresh in

my memory, I hastened down to the boat which was to convey me to the Maddalena, and very soon ceased to tread the island of Garibaldi.

CHAPTER V.

ACROSS THE STRAITS OF BONIFACIO—UNWILLINGNESS OF THE BOATMEN TO GO TO SEA—SAIL TO THE MADDALENA—AN ENGLISH OFFICER'S INVITATION TO DINNER—HIS EXCELLENT WINE AND INTERESTING CONVERSATION—THE WINE OF SARDINIA—THE ANNIVERSARY OF ST. ANDREW—DELAYED BY THE "TRAMONTANA"—THE CAPTAIN'S LAND EXCURSION—A PROPOSED CHANGE OF ROUTE—SCENERY IN THE STRAITS OF BONIFACIO—LAST SIGHT OF CAPRERA—STEERING AMID A LABYRINTH OF SMALL ISLANDS—LOSS OF AN ITALIAN FRIGATE ON THE LAVAZZI—EXPLOITS OF THE MARQUIS OF BONIFACIO—THE MONUMENTS OF A GREAT NAME—SPECULATIONS ON THE DESTINY OF CORSICA AND SARDINIA—THE RESOURCES OF SARDINIA—PROPOSED RAILWAY FROM NORTH TO SOUTH—SPANIARDS IN SARDINIA—VOTE OF THE ITALIAN PARLIAMENT TO AN ENGLISH RAILWAY COMPANY—THE COAST OF CORSICA—OFF BASTIA—ARRIVAL AT LEGHORN—THE RIVIERA DI LEVANTE—CONSTRUCTION OF A NAVAL DEPOT AT SPEZIA—GENOA AND THE DORIAS.

CHAPTER V.

I HAD hired a boat, with two sailors, to take me across the Straits of Bonifacio to the town of that name, where I could cross the mountains to Bastia, and from thence easily reach Genoa. It was Wednesday, and I had adopted this unusual route to save nearly a week's delay, because the steamboat for Genoa, as a rule, sails only on Tuesday. While we were sailing to the Maddalena, however, the men whom I had hired to take me to Bonifacio wished to delay crossing the straits to Corsica, representing that the contrary wind which was blowing, the Tramontana, the bad weather, and the rough sea, would render the passage worse than tedious. "Dubbio anche della vita!" exclaimed one of them.

I did not know whether these men were sincere,

but I felt dependent on them. I was conscious also that, if I insisted on their performing their engagement, they might at least, after beating about for some time against the wind, run the vessel into some creek or gulf which I did not intend to visit, and thus cause me a loss of time and money. On the other hand, I did not like to wait till the next vessel started for Genoa, and I was equally unwilling to solicit the loan of the yacht to take me to Bonifacio. My forced inactivity at that moment convinced me that the situation of one inhabiting any of the islands in these waters without a yacht must be worse than monotonous. Fortunately, on reaching the Maddalena, I discovered that the weekly steamboat to Genoa had been detained there by bad weather, and that it was the intention of the captain to sail in about six hours. Accordingly I engaged my passage immediately by this conveyance.

About a quarter of an hour after landing at the Maddalena I received a polite invitation to dinner from an officer who had served under Nelson at the battle of Trafalgar. His soup he said would be

ready some time before the steam of the packet-boat for Genoa could be up, and accordingly I had no hesitation in availing myself of his hospitality. Moreover, that keen north wind, the Tramontana, which was then rather violent, though unfavourable to sailing, is very favourable to appetite. I hastened, therefore, to the house of Captain R——, where I was kindly received. An English lady of good birth, and of well-stored mind, together with Susini, was present at this dinner-party.

Our host the captain, after the war, had been the intimate friend of Byron, Shelley, and other distinguished men; while in the subsequent years of his seclusion he had been an intense reader. His conversation, therefore, was interesting. His wine also was good, especially the Sardinian. Sardinia may not be now the same fertile country which it was in the time of ancient Rome; it may no longer be a granary *propensæ Cereris*; it may not be, as Polybius has described it, “*magnitudine et multitudine hominum et omnium fructuum excellens.*” Nevertheless I know on good authority that Sardinia does produce excellent wine. During

dinner I acquainted the party that the day on which I had the pleasure of dining with them, the 30th of November, was the anniversary of the patron saint of Scotland. The result of this information was that the Italian and the two Saxons united with myself in doing honour to the memory of Saint Andrew.

In the afternoon I went on board the steam-boat, being aware that steam renders vessels rather independent of contrary winds. The Tramontana was still blowing strongly, and the sea appeared agitated. Our vessel, which faced the picturesque town of the Maddalena, was to sail in the course of the evening; but to my surprise, when I came on deck in the morning, it was still in the same position. I asked the cause of this delay, and the answer was, The Tramontana. About nine o'clock I understood that the captain had gone ashore. I asked why he had left the vessel, and the reply was summed up in the word Tramontana. As it was more than probable that the ship would not sail without the captain, I went ashore, and there learned

that he had climbed up the hills. I asked the reason why he had done so instead of ordering his vessel to sail, and the only response I received was couched in the word *Tramontana*. The sea, in short, had been roughened by that wind, and the captain had taken a long, steep walk, not to see how the land lay, but the ocean.

As the difficulty of going northwards, whether by hired sailing vessel or by steamboat, with a strong *Tramontana* wind, seemed great at the *Maddalena*, I began to think of setting out for *Porto Torres*, in *Sardinia*, where I might find a vessel going either to *Marseilles* or *Genoa*. I could sail from the *Maddalena* to *Parau*, in *Sardinia*, a distance of only three miles; and from *Parau*, with the aid of *Sardinian* ponies, I could reach *Porto Torres* in two days. As my baggage, however, which had become bulky, was very precious to me, abounding in relics of *Caprera*, and containing presents from the noble inhabitant of that island, I would not incur the chance of losing it by leaving it at the *Maddalena*, or by taking it into an island like *Sardinia*. I had thus no alternative but to

wait the return of the sea-captain from his land excursion.

When the captain at length returned from his walk, he began to think seriously of commencing his voyage. We hastened, therefore, on board the steamboat, which for some days had been lying at anchor in a sea to which the islands almost surrounding it gave the appearance of a Scotch lake. As I might never again be in this part of the straits of Bonifacio, I gazed with great interest at the scenery, to which the diversity of rock and mountain, shrub and vine, imparted a character both of wildness and beauty. The abodes of men were not numerous, but they were interesting. Nearest to me was the house of that intelligent, true-hearted, and gallant Englishman who had borne no mean part in Nelson's victories. Not far off, and still plainly visible, was the house of that ex-dictator and patriot, to whose unblemished character Plutarch, if he had lived in these days, might vainly have sought a parallel. Caprera, his home, soon began to fade from my view, but not from my memory. The panorama of

islands, with a channel rather winding, and a sea rather stormy, came next. Among the numerous rocky islands were the Budellí and the Rauoli. The island of Spargi seemed like a barrier of rock in front of us. Very often the prow of our vessel was pointed against one rock in order to avoid another. Amid this labyrinth did the skilful helmsman steer our bounding vessel, till we approached the bold promontory at the southern extremity of Corsica. Nearer was the Cavallo, and nearer still that series of rocks, the Lavazzi.

Possibly the Italian frigate which a few years since foundered on those rocks, with the loss of a thousand persons, may have been blown against them by the Tramontana. I thought of the disappointment occasioned to me by that wind when I looked from the deck of our steamboat at the rock of Bonifacio, which Nature has made grand, and history has rendered interesting.

As far back as the year 830, an Italian Marquis, named Bonifacio, after gaining a victory over the Saracens, landed near the southern extremity

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of Corsica, and built a castle on an impregnable rock. A town sprang up below, and, as a memorial of the Marquis's exploits, the rock, town, castle, and sea were all called by his name. Straits of Bonifacio! whose waves are now ruffled and swollen by a wintry storm—rock of Bonifacio! whose lofty head is now veiled by a wintry cloud (said I, before they faded from my view)—you are worthy monuments of a great name, and even eloquent proofs that, unlike perishable riches, true nobility will survive all the vicissitudes of fortune, and live through the lapse of ages. Gladly would I have visited the town which bears the name of that Marquis who a thousand years since humbled the enemies of the Cross; but I was without leisure, and had not even a boat of my own on this occasion to contend against the obstacles of that vexatious wind, the Tramontana.

That contrary wind, to which I have already made allusion, detained our steamboat some time within sight of the Straits of Bonifacio. The *genius loci* accordingly prompted me to speculate on those two islands, which are divided by only

seven miles of ocean, though my thoughts ran chiefly on the one which I had lately visited. Within the last seventy years, how different has been their political destiny. During the lifetime of the great Napoleon, the first Italian possession which fell into the hands of France was Corsica, and subsequently nearly all Italy became French, except Sardinia. Though both islands are more or less neglected, yet the former, under French rule, seems to have made the greatest progress hitherto ; while the latter possesses the greatest resources. An intelligent Genoese informed me that the soil of Sardinia is exceedingly favourable to the production or cultivation of corn, wine, oil, flax, silk, and cotton, that some of the forests of the island abound in cork-trees and excellent oak, and that its mines are rich in iron, silver lead, and copper.

If the want of roads be an obstacle to the enjoyment of that wealth which this fine island once possessed, and which Nature seems to have intended for it, the Italian Government appears recently to have adopted an excellent expedient for overcom-

ing this obstacle. I learnt first in Caprera, and afterwards in Genoa, that an English company had obtained from the Italian Government highly favourable terms for the construction of a railway almost from one end of the island to the other, from north to south, from Porto Torres to Cagliari.

Although a large part of Sardinia belongs to Spaniards, who are inimical to religious liberty, and also to improvement, yet much belongs to the Government, which has ceded to the company 480,000 English acres in perpetuity. The Italian Parliament has voted to it an annual income, for 99 years, of £580 per mile of railway, or a total sum of £139,200 per annum, in case that the whole of the intended line of railway, involving an extent of 240 miles, should be constructed. It is, therefore, to be hoped that under the enlightened policy of the House of Savoy improvement may at length advance into Sardinia—that the truth and liberty which shine in the neighbouring little island of Caprera may soon dawn upon the haunts of superstition and ignorance—and also that British industry may develop

those resources which in one of the finest islands of the Mediterranean have been for centuries lying useless. These are objects greatly to be desired, even though, in order to secure them, some of the religious houses should have to be suppressed.

While I was thus meditating on Sardinia, the whole island receded from my view, but not from my memory. Those dinners on its wild and solitary shores, and beneath its lofty mountains, were not to be so easily forgotten. At the first of them the same voice which had so often been heard above the din of battle, guiding the soldiers of liberty on to victory, said gently to me, "This is what you call pic-nic in England." The scenes where those pic-nics were held, grand and beautiful as they seemed to me, might doubtless have become hereafter like fading pictures to my mind without Garibaldi; but the presence of that pure-minded being has rendered their impression permanent. Virtue, in short, is more scarce than beauty, and though Nature may have been lavish of her attractions on the scenery of Sar-

dinia, she has not been sparing of that gift elsewhere. Corsica, as far as one might venture to judge from the deck of a vessel, though probably inferior to Sardinia, is not devoid of beauty.

For many an hour did we sail near enough to Corsica to enable us to admire its bays and promontories, together with its mountains ; the waving outline of which was occasionally interrupted by some bold peak, clad with snow, that rose above the rest in solitary grandeur. The wind blew cold from these precipitous heights, for in December Nature seems to frown on that diminished number of persons who quit home for the purpose of travelling. Yet at what season of the year has she not beauty for the eye, health for the body, and even attractions for the mind, in store for those who choose to renounce artificial comforts !

While our vessel rolled to and fro some of the passengers were very uncomfortable. The most sea-sick were those who had been imprisoned on shore for being concerned in acts of brigandage.

Their appearance was not prepossessing, and I had no sympathy for them.

Near midnight we anchored off Bastia, the old Genoese capital of Corsica. Its population has been nearly doubled since it fell under French dominion. The transfer of the island to France does not seem to have injured either the Corsicans or the Genoese. The former had always been treated by the proud Ligurian Republic even with greater oppression than usually falls to the lot of a conquered people. The Genoese obtained no wealth from Corsica, but constantly spent large sums of money for the purpose of keeping it in subjection. If there be any truth in history, the successful termination of a civil war with its rebellious dependency, was one of the earliest causes of the decay of Genoa *la superba*. Corsica, indeed, was as useless to Genoa as the Ionian Islands were to England; or as Venetia, the military occupation of which is so expensive and dangerous, is to Austria.

Soon after midnight we left Bastia, and in about seven hours reached Leghorn. So rapid, however,

appeared the transition, perhaps on account of the darkness of the night, that it seemed as if a curtain had fallen on the mountains of Corsica, and risen soon afterwards to reveal to us the scenery of the Apennines. Bright with the golden orb of day were the outlines of these mountains when we anchored off Leghorn, a city which owes its prosperity to the Grand Duke Cosmo de' Medici, who first made it a free port; and no doubt its commercial importance will be advanced, now that the seat of the Italian Government has been removed from Turin to Florence. For some time we lay at anchor within a few hundred yards of Tuscany; a land which has given birth to a philosopher like Galileo, and to a poet like Dante, names which have contributed, with others, to shed lustre on Italy. We were here joined by a passenger who spoke Scotch with the same purity as that with which the people of Sienna speak Italian. Meanwhile, the captain was engaged taking on board the vessel many bales of goods, on the completion of which task he proceeded on the voyage to Genoa.

The Riviera di Levante has been often admired and described. Fortunately our vessel sailed near to it for several hours, and, with the shores of Corsica still fresh in my memory, I was enabled to institute comparisons between them. The scenery of that island is undoubtedly grand. It appeared to me, however, that the jutting out promontories, the receding bays, the lofty hills, and the numerous white villas in the midst of the rather purple-looking vineyards which dot the lower declivities of these heights, would all bear favourable comparison with the wilder shores of Corsica. The latter may almost be called savage and forbidding, while the former are smiling and inviting. One thing, certainly, the Italian continent had in common with the neighbouring island during the month of December, in which I was travelling, and that was the abundant snow which clad many of the loftier mountains, from which blew a cold wind that rather quickened my taste or relish for the red mullet and other good things on board the steamboat.

My Genoese friend, a relative of the ex-dic-

tator of Naples, both at the table below and also on deck, gave me much interesting information. He told me that the Italian Government is at present expending large sums of money at Spezia, for the purpose of constructing a naval depot in the gulf of that name, which Nature has rendered secure as well as capacious. Diverging from the political to the poetical, we spoke of the death of Shelley near Spezia, an event which seems to have occasioned quite as much discussion as his writings. While we were passing in front of Chiavari my well-informed friend mentioned to me that the birthplace of Garibaldi's progenitors and the burial-place of the Dorias are in its neighbourhood. He also informed me that not far from Chiavari is Lavagno, from which the title of Count is derived by the family of Fieschi; one of whom executed a dark but unsuccessful plot to overturn the well-founded power of Andrea Doria. By the aid of my intelligent fellow-passenger I was enabled to enjoy not only the beautiful scenery of the Riviera, but also the interest of its past history. Thus the hours glided pleasantly away

till the afternoon, when our vessel anchored in front of a semicircle of hills, under which stands Genoa *la superba*.

CHAPTER VI.

CONVERSATION WITH PIETRO RIPARI—HIS IMPRISONMENT BY THE PAPAL GOVERNMENT—HIS FELLOW-PRISONERS IN THE CARCERI NUOVE—HIS REMOVAL TO THE PRISON OF ST. MICHEL—IRREVERENT RECEPTION OF TWO ECCLESIASTICAL DIGNITARIES—MEANS TAKEN TO PREVENT A REPETITION OF THE OFFENCE—RIPARI'S CONDEMNATION TO THE GALLEYS—HIS IMPRISONMENT AT ANCONA, ROME, AND PALLIANO—HIS REMOVAL TO MARSEILLES—THE INHUMANITY OF THE "VICAR OF CHRIST"—THE CONVERSATION OF COLONEL C—E—GARIBALDI'S INVASION OF NAPLES—EVENTS OF THE SICILIAN CAMPAIGN—THE CONDITION OF GENOA—ITS PALACES AND THEIR PICTURE GALLERIES—PURCHASES OF CORAL ORNAMENTS—DANGERS OF THE CORAL FISHERY—GARIBALDI'S WOUND—UNFAVOURABLE SYMPTOMS PRODUCED BY HIS REMOVAL—EXTRACTION OF THE BULLET—EXCURSION TO CHIAVARI—GARIBALDI'S DESCENT—THE ORANGES OF NERVI—ASPECT OF GENOA—COMMEMORATION OF ITS DELIVERANCE FROM AUSTRIAN OPPRESSION—THE NOBLE CONDUCT OF LOMELLINI—REMINISCENCES OF THE YOUTH OF GARIBALDI.

CHAPTER VI.

ON my arrival at Genoa I was very desirous of seeing Pietro Ripari, the surgeon of Garibaldi's army, who resides in the environs of that city. Having listened, when I was at Caprera, to statements of his imprisonment by the Papal Government, I much wished the opportunity of an interview with him, that I might test the accuracy of those statements. It occurred to me, therefore, while I was on my way to the neighbourhood of Aqua Sola, at Genoa, for the purpose of visiting an Italian officer, that I might obtain an introduction from him to Ripari.

I found the officer at home; and after I had been conversing with him for about ten minutes, a gentleman of prepossessing appearance entered his drawing-room. My visit had been well timed, for it was Ripari himself. I was introduced to him, and

remained a long time in his company. After waiting an opportunity to ask him about his imprisonment, I said to him,

“Are you friendly to the Papal Government?”

His answer was, “I have no reason for being favourable to it, because I was shut up by authority of the Papal Government for more than seven years.”

“And why were you put in prison?” said I.

“For healing the sick and wounded, many of whom belonged to the army of Garibaldi.”

“Do you mean,” said I, “that the Vicar of Christ put you in prison for healing any sick and wounded?”

“He did,” answered Ripari, confirming his assertion by a detailed narrative of the circumstances of his imprisonment.

Though he is a man of known veracity, yet I took the liberty of questioning him much, in my desire to elicit truth. I committed immediately to writing the information which, on the 5th of December, in Genoa, I received from his lips; and some weeks later I received a pamphlet on

the same subject bearing his name. This pamphlet is much more full of detail than the personal narrative. It agrees, however, exactly with the following statement :

Pietro Ripari related to me that, on the 8th of August, 1849, some French soldiers of the line surrounded the Hôtel d'Angleterre, where he was lodging. They guarded the entrance, occupied the staircase and corridor, and barricaded the door of his sitting-room. They were led by two Papal bailiffs, who took possession of the surgeon's purse and portfolio. He was taken before the police in the Palace Madama, and from thence was conveyed, on the 16th of August, to the Carceri Nuove. Nine months were spent by him in this dungeon. The atmosphere which he breathed was saturated with fetor, impregnated with dust, and peopled with every kind of insect. The room which he inhabited was supposed to be capable of holding twelve persons without crowding them ; but while the surgeon was there he had never less than eighteen companions, and sometimes as many as twenty-two. They were nearly

all men of robbery and blood, and so loud were their shoutings, so unseemly was their language, that the mind of Ripari was often filled with consternation and amazement. In short, what could the benevolent disciple of the art of healing have in common with such ruffians but the roof which covered them?

On the 22nd of September, Ripari left the Carceri Nuove, and entered the prison of St. Michel. Here there are sixty cells, the windows of which are small, lofty, and well barred. This was not a noisy place; on the contrary, a strict silence was usually enforced in it by the numerous jailers. Unfortunately the silence was broken one day, when two ministers of religion, Monseigneur Monteuci and Monseigneur Benvenuti came to visit St. Michel. While they were alighting from their carriage, a voice loudly exclaimed, "Look at these brutal executioners, assassins of their own brothers! May you be murdered before night, you brutal dogs!"

This irreverent language infuriated the two dignitaries, who vainly wished to discover the

guilty authors of the words that had offended them. Both were convinced that the voice must have proceeded from one of the cells which faced the street, the occupant of which must have climbed up to the window when their carriage arrived, for the purpose of insulting them. During their visit, the monseigneurs ascertained that it was not an uncommon thing for the prisoners to scramble up to the windows, grasp one of the iron bars with one arm, and, passing the other between two of them, to sit with the knees close to the mouth, on a piece of projecting marble, so that they might breathe a little pure air, and enjoy a view either into the street or the courtyard. To prevent the recurrence of such an offence, they ordered that a second row of iron bars should be placed at some distance from the first, and that a block of marble should be placed between the two rows—an alteration which unfortunately took away more than half of the ordinary light from the rooms, and, what was worse, presented an obstacle to the free passage of air into them.

On the night of the 6th of October, Ripari was

summoned into the room of the chief keeper, where he observed the body of a person recently dead. There he was compelled to listen to the reading of the sentence by which he was condemned to the galleys for twenty years; after which he was dismissed to bed. About two hours before daylight, he was awoke by the feeling that a hand was on his shoulder, and, on opening his eyes, saw a keeper with a lantern from which he received a blow on the face that effectually roused from his slumbers. He was told to get up immediately and follow this man who, with the assistance of two gendarmes, by whom his hands were chained, put him into a carriage.

The fresh air, to which he had been for some time unaccustomed, seemed to him a luxury. During his journey, however, his chains were never taken off except when eating, and then one hand only was set free. He spent the first night at Napi, where, with three other prisoners, he was locked up in a dungeon nearly devoid of air and light. The following night he slept at Terni in a cell with double doors, and two rows of iron bars for windows. The third night he arrived at Ancona.

After entering the fortress, they were all at first lodged in a room where the light of a lantern shone upon a variety of irons and chains. Ripari, however, was soon afterwards taken to another chamber, in which the keeper immediately locked him up with another prisoner, and disappearing with his torch left him in darkness. In such circumstances he was unable to form any idea as to the size of his new place of confinement; but as he could easily reach the ceiling with his hands, he concluded it was low. He slept on a hard couch with his fellow-captive, and was awoke in the morning by a noise overhead. It was made by the keeper, who, standing on a short ladder, was opening the shutters. The light which entered the room showed him at the same time its small dimensions, and the vulgar features of his companion, a man of humble birth, whose mind was as uncultivated as his heart was bad. Ripari could not converse with such a person; and, to add to his hardships, the accomplished surgeon, who was fond of reading, was deprived of the use of books.

Ripari was conveyed in the month of July,

1852, from Ancona to Rome, and lodged in one of the prisons of that city. He was afterwards taken to Palliano, which is nearly in the centre of the ancient Latium. It is now the site of four prisons, all rather damp and dark. Ripari was shut up in one of these about fifty months, during forty of which he was only twice permitted to receive any letters. From Palliano he was taken back to Rome, and lodged in a dark cell at St. Michel.

At length hopes of liberation were held out to him, on condition of his giving his parole never to interfere, either directly or indirectly, in the affairs of Rome. Ripari, having given the promise required, was sent, under charge of Roman police, first to Civita Vecchia, and from thence to Marseilles. On disembarkation at this port he was handed over by a Papal Commissary of Police to some French *gendarmes*. For some days he was in a state of doubt as to his future destination; but he thought it probable that he should be banished from Europe. At length a powerful friend interfered in his favour, and he was set at liberty.

Though I listened with attention to the interesting narrative of Pietro Ripari, I could not help interrupting it occasionally with some expressions of surprise at the severe punishment which had been inflicted on him by the Vicar of Christ, or at least his Government, for healing the sick and wounded. Possibly many of these unfortunate men were the enemies of the Pope; but in this age the wounded of a hostile army are not considered beyond the pale of humanity. Larrey, the French surgeon, used his utmost efforts to save the lives of the English wounded left behind after Sir John Moore's retreat to Corunna, of the Prussian wounded after the battle of Eylau, and of the Russian wounded after the battle of Borodino, though all these were the enemies of France. In the Crimean war, Thomson, the British surgeon, remained on the battle-field of the Alma for the purpose of healing the wounded soldiers who the day previously had been fighting against his countrymen; and he even lost his life amid the hardships which attended his successful exertions. By their conduct these men, Larrey and Thomson, exempli-

fied the Christian principle contained in the words, "Love your enemies" in a way that Antonelli, or his master, "the Vicar of Christ," we fear, have never sought to emulate.

The information which I gained from Ripari, during my stay in Genoa, was to me very interesting. The society of Colonel C——e was not less pleasing. We had several walks together. In the first of them he acquainted me that he had a bullet lodged somewhere near the lungs, which the medical men had been unable to extract, but which fortunately gave him no trouble. He was one of the thousand who had embarked at Quarto, near Nervi, for Marsala, in the year 1860, for the purpose of redeeming ten millions of people from oppression.

After entering the territory of the Bourbon despot the thousand received such an accession of strength, that in a short time this little stream of liberty became a mighty torrent; the resistless impetuosity given to which by its leader was graphically described by my companion, the Colonel. He was with General Garibaldi until the latter

quitted his army, for the purpose of advancing against the capital of his enemy alone. Well did the General then illustrate that, though a torrent may be mighty, a thunderbolt is infinitely stronger; and never, surely, was the thunderbolt of war hurled against tyranny with more unerring aim than by the strong arm and sure hand of Garibaldi.

Colonel C——e, who held about the same rank as Colonel Medici in the Sicilian campaign, interested me much during our first walk by relating the events of that expedition. He evidently possesses much intelligence, and has the art of talking well on very different subjects. In our second walk he described to me the present state of Genoa, which appears to be highly flourishing. Within the last few years, he told me, many Genoese have died, leaving sums of money which would be thought large even in some of the chief towns of England. Commerce, indeed, has been always honoured by that maritime community. In many old documents the Spinolas, the Dorias, and other members of the Genoese aristocracy, are entitled merchants;

and even down to recent epochs some of the highest nobles have been opulent men of business. Many of them, for the sake of gaining a high rate of interest, would invest money in large maritime ventures, sometimes becoming the owners of numerous vessels, while, at the same time, they had a sufficient surplus to invest in the public funds of most of the European States. The French Revolution, however, proved an abyss to Genoese wealth. Most of the countries of Europe, after the commencement of the great war, were obliged to suspend payment of their debts, and the Genoese creditors were considerable losers. The commerce of Genoa, as well as that of Venice, suffered much during that long time of trouble. Such, however, is the superiority of free over despotic government, that while the commerce of Venice still languishes and decays, that of Genoa has revived. It is now fast improving, and if I can rely on the information given to me in the city itself, there is not much chance of this improvement being arrested by the removal of the capital from Turin to Florence.

The Gulf of Genoa on the one hand, and the open communication with the plains of Lombardy on the other, secure to this city many advantages for traffic both by sea and land—advantages which will probably not be diminished in times like the present, when some of the ablest men of business in Lombard Street and other parts of London are directing the power of their money and the energy of their minds to the improvement of the city of Milan.

The palaces of Genoa are chiefly monuments of the successful commerce of former days. This tasteful luxury was a noble employment of the riches accumulated by many aristocratic families, the members of which had been trading and navigating almost incessantly during the Middle Ages. Unfortunately, my stay in Genoa allowed me time sufficient to visit only four of the palaces.

The first to which I directed my steps was that of Brignole Sale; which I was told I could easily recognise by its red exterior, from which it takes the name of the Palazzo Rosso. I

was directed to the Strada Nuova, that street which dates much of its architectural beauty to the year 1551, and there I easily found the object of my walk. The chief attractions of this palace seemed to me to be collected in four rooms, denominated the rooms of Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter. I entered the room of Spring, and gazed with admiration on a large picture, by Vandyck, representing the Marquis of Brignole on horseback. The coat of the Marquis is of black silk, fastened with gold buttons, and over one shoulder is suspended a mantle of black velvet with gold ornaments. A portrait of the Prince of Orange in armour, also by Vandyck, and several other works of that great artist, adorn this room.

Among the remarkable paintings in the room of Summer, I observed one of the blessed Virgin on copper, by Ludovico Carracci. When I entered the room of Autumn, I found myself opposite to a Virgin and Child, by Andrea del Sarto. The room of Winter is rendered very attractive by a well-composed picture from the pencil of Vandyck, entitled

the Tribute Money, in which Christ is supposed to be answering the question put by the Jew on his left, "Whether it is lawful to give tribute to Cæsar." Among the fine pictures of this room, is the portrait of an old man in a black dress adorned with lace, and a painting of Saint John the Baptist, by Leonardo da Vinci.

After passing through the rooms of the Seasons, I entered that of "The Life of Man," which abounds in fine paintings. Among them is a beautiful portrait of the Marchioness of Brignole Sale, by Vandyck. Before leaving this palace, I observed portraits of three Doges of Genoa, who were all members of the noble family of Brignole Sale.

The treasures of the Brignole Palace induced me to repeat my visit. Unfortunately, this obliged me to hurry through some of the other palaces. I went next to the Durazzo Palace, which, perhaps, surpasses the former in architecture, while it does not fall much short of it in paintings. Here also are several fine works of Vandyck, conspicuous among which is a picture of the Marchioness of Durazzo, in a dress richly ornamented,

sitting in a chair, with one of her children standing by her side, and another behind her.

My next visit was to the Palazzo Pallavicini, which contains some fine paintings—among them one of the family of the noble owner of the Palace, by Vandyck, and another work of the same great master representing the family of James the First, of England. In the apartments I trod on carpet instead of the cold stone, which in the month of December was more agreeable. I next visited the Palazzo Reale, which was purchased from the Durazzo family by a member of the house of Savoy. In the reception-room I saw a fine representation of the chase of the Gauls from Rome. Among a few fine paintings there is a Sibylla Cumæa, by A. Carracci. This palace, though it is not so full of attractions as some of the others, is in a very habitable and well furnished state for winter. I passed through a room in it, in which Napoleon slept for three nights, a short time before the war of 1859.

The only other palace which I had time to visit

was that of Doria Tursi, so called from its having been the property of a member of the House of Doria who was created Duke of Tursi. In it I saw a statue of the great Genoese discoverer and navigator, Christopher Columbus, and by its side the flag presented by Monte Video to Garibaldi, immediately after the victory gained by him, with two hundred men only, over twelve hundred of the enemy, commanded by Gomez, one of the officers of the tyrant Rosas.

On the shores of Garibaldi's island I had discovered fragments of coral mixed with the sand. In the shops of Genoa I saw finely-wrought specimens of the same kind of coral. I thought I would like to bring home a few of those specimens, but so little did I know about the different kinds, red, pink, and white, that I was happy to avail myself in my purchases of the taste and judgment of my kind acquaintance, Colonel C——e. The price in the Genoese shops seemed to me high, until I had listened to an account of the difficulty and danger attending the coral fishery. My Italian friend

explained to me that the sailors who fish for coral off the Corsican and Sardinian shores take machines thus constructed: Two beams of wood are tied together, somewhat in the form of a cross, and in the interstices of the ropes which bind them weights are lodged to make them sink deep in the sea. Underneath one end of the beams is fastened a large quantity of strong net-work, together with much loosely-twisted hemp, while to the middle of the beam above is attached the end of a very long rope. The men holding the other end of this rope drag the machine along the beds of coral, the branches of which become so entangled by the net-work and twisted hemp as to be torn away. The chief labour seems to consist in raising up the heavy net or machine from a great depth to the surface of the water; and if the rope should happen to break, there would be a better chance of the people engaged in this laborious work going to the bottom than of the coral being brought to the surface. The men, therefore, employed in this kind of fishing have to incur more than the sea's ordinary dangers. Another cause

of the high price of coral is the hardness of the substance, which renders the cutting and working of it difficult. It is a work, however, in which the Genoese excel, and as they are not at all averse to making money, they usually take care not to sell the beautiful ornaments made in coral at too low a price.

Soon after this second walk with Colonel C——e, I met two officers who were with Garibaldi on the 29th of August, 1862, at Aspromonte, and who saw him wounded by Piedmontese riflemen while he was walking in front of his own men, telling them not to fire. One of these was a medical officer, and he described to me minutely the nature of Garibaldi's wound. He saw Doctor Albanesi take the injured foot between his hands, and bend it up and down, right and left, with a pliability which led him to suppose that the bullet must have bounded off without entering it. On the other hand, the General was of opinion that a bullet had sunk into his foot. With this belief he pointed to a swelling, under which he was convinced the bullet lay, and requested that it might be

extracted immediately. Doctor Albanesi accordingly made an incision, but found no resisting substance. Unfortunately, but little time was given for operations, as the Piedmontese army, without apparent reason, caused the General to be moved from Aspromonte the same afternoon in which he was wounded. The hardship of this sudden removal was somewhat mitigated by the affectionate care of his own officers and private soldiers, who carried him by turns. It was, however, uneasy work, for the road was so incumbered by stones, so steep and so rocky, as to cause a violent jolting to the wounded liberator of Italy. At midnight he was stretched on a table instead of a bed, in a shepherd's hut at St. Angelo. The cottage was thatched, but there were sufficient apertures in the roof and walls to admit the cold night air freely.

On the following morning the journey was continued down very steep paths, and through rocky gorges. It lasted till four o'clock in the afternoon; and for several hours before its close the sun darted its scorching rays on the head

of the noble-minded patient. The dust and heat, indeed, were very great, and such were their trying effects that Garibaldi became feverish, and repeatedly asked for water. At four o'clock he was allowed some repose, being then put on board of the frigate *Duke of Genoa*, near Scilla. This vessel conveyed him to the Gulf of Spezia, where he was placed in the fort of Varignano.

My acquaintance, the Italian surgeon, informed me that the hardships of the journey, and the interruption of medical treatment caused by it, produced some unfavourable symptoms about four days after the infliction of the wound. It was very fortunate, he said, that tetanus, or lockjaw, did not result from the sufferings to which the patient was exposed. He also beheld an interesting sight at Varignano—the young Menotti, who, as I have already remarked, is somewhat Herculean, lifting his father and carrying him in his arms from the bed to the couch, and from the couch to the bed, with the same ease with which a mother carries her infant.

At Varignano the General was treated with

care, both tender and judicious. There, fortunately, he received from an English officer and his wife such good offices of humanity as were both useful to him and honourable to them. The members of a benevolent and scientific profession, also, zealously bestowed on him the aid which was so much needed, not only by his wound, but also by his weakened condition. Medical men came from various parts of Italy, France, England, and Russia, to the Gulf of Spezia, to endeavour to minister relief to Garibaldi.

It was a long time a matter of doubt whether the bullet had entered the wounded foot or bounded off. Doctor Basile was disposed to believe that, after tearing away a small part of the internal malleolus, it had furrowed the tibia at its lower part, and finally sunk into a place between the astragalus, the cuboides, and the heel. Professor Partridge, who saw the patient about the 10th of September, was of opinion that the ball had bounded off after the infliction of the wound. Several surgeons coincided with him,

and among them the celebrated Professor Porta of Pavia. Observing that the malleolus was not broken in pieces, but only detached at the base, that the pulley of the astragalus continued to fill its cavity without signs of rupture, and that the space between the astragalus and the unbroken malleolus, where the swelling was observable, was quite insufficient for the passage of a rifle ball, he unhesitatingly gave it as his opinion that the bullet must have bounded off. It did not occur to Professor Porta, any more than to Partridge, that the General, when he was wounded, might have rested the foot in such a manner that the tendons, which serve as extensors, were raised, till the ball, slipping downwards, became wedged in a bone not far from the external astragalus. If such were the case, there would be an absence of visible injury quite sufficient to deceive surgeons more accustomed to gun-shot wounds than Partridge. The mission of the English surgeon, if in other respects of little avail, was at least useful as an expression of English sympathy. It showed that the eagle eye of England was fixed

on those around the illustrious Italian, to scare away from his presence, if necessary, the treacherous agents of his unscrupulous enemies. In his capacity as a surgeon, Partridge was either less skilful or less fortunate than two members of his profession who afterwards visited Garibaldi at Spezia. Nelaton, introducing a sharp-pointed instrument into the wound between the two malleoli, came to a resisting substance, the sensation of which was not that of a denuded bone. Pirogoff, measuring with compasses the distance between the two malleoli in the diseased foot, and making a similar measurement in the healthy one, discovered that the space between the malleoli of the diseased foot was greater by nearly a centimetre and a half than that between the malleoli of the healthy foot. The English surgeon, who had come out again to see the patriot, had a consultation with Pirogoff on the 31st of October, which made him reverse his former opinion. Everyone became convinced of the presence of the bullet, and various measures, preparatory to extraction, of which the chief was a

gradual enlargement of the passage of the wound, were adopted. At length, on the evening of the 22nd of November, one of the surgeons introduced a sponge into the wound, to the depth of four centimetres, and drew it up with splinters of bone attached. Sinking it again still lower, till it touched the bullet, he drew it up tinged with a black colour. Another surgeon finally introduced a three-toothed pair of pincers, and with it extracted the ball.

A person who was in the next room to that occupied by the patient told me that the surgeons wished Garibaldi to take chloroform, as the bullet was deep-seated, and the attempts to extract it might be accompanied with much pain. The answer of the ex-Dictator was nearly in these words: "Perhaps I may have a fatal illness after the extraction of the bullet. If I take chloroform, and have this fatal illness, the Italians may attribute my death to the chloroform, and thus be prejudiced hereafter against this excellent discovery." Such an answer was characteristic of the fortitude and humanity of Garibaldi.

Garibaldi always expressed it as his firm persuasion that the bullet had entered his foot, even when so many skilful surgeons entertained a contrary opinion. After leaving Spezia, and returning to Caprera, he wrote a letter to Doctor Basile on this subject, praising him because from the first he had maintained that the projectile was lodged in the foot ; because he had early ascertained that the tibia-tarsica was not hurt ; and because he had afterwards proposed the sponge for the purpose of enlarging the passage of the wound, in order to make way for the extraction of the bullet.

I had listened attentively to the narrative of the Italian surgeon, because he was an eye-witness of reputed veracity. The account which he gave me of the noble patient's fortitude and gentleness, under a long continuance of pain, and amid the frequent incisions that were necessary, was quite consistent with the general character of Garibaldi, and tended greatly to increase my interest in all that concerned him.

The day after my conversation with the surgeon,

I made an excursion to Chiavari, my chief motive being to visit the neighbourhood where Garibaldi's father and grandfather were born, and to make some local inquiries about his family. The distance between Genoa and Chiavari is short, but the journey is comparatively long and circuitous. The steepness of the road made our vehicle proceed slowly. As it was a dark winter morning when we started from Genoa, and it was nearly the shortest day of the year, we did not see much till our arrival in the neighbourhood of Reco, where we observed traces of the railway which is being constructed in this part of Italy. The bay between Reco and Rapallo, formed by two lofty promontories jutting far out into the sea, was now like a mirror to the varying streaks of light; for the sun had risen, and the summits of the hills and mountains were arrayed with its gorgeous colours.

Near Reco we saw the entrance of a long dark tunnel cut through the solid rock. When this and other works on the railway are completed, the road, instead of ascending many

hundred feet above the sea, and then descending almost to the water's edge, will be comparatively level. The traveller will then go straight through the hills in well-lighted carriages, with the rapidity of steam, instead of ascending them with the slowness of a waggon. The change, however, will not be regarded by all as an advantage, much doubtless depending on the taste, or want of taste, of the tourist. Those who like to go ahead at all times, who prefer business to beauty, will regard the completion of a railway along the Riviera di Levante as a great improvement upon any previous mode of travelling. There are persons who think that the chief pleasure of reading the *Æneid* consists in tracing *Æneas's* voyage on the map. There is no accounting for taste.

On ascending the high ground above Rapallo, I looked along the sea-shore as far as the eye could reach, and saw a continued succession of promontories serving to form lovely bays. On turning to the land I gazed on hill and mountain, valley and ravine. The vegetation was more or less made up of arbuti, chestnut trees, vines,

olives, and aloes. Occasionally we saw lemon and orange trees, and as they were in bloom, their pale yellow and golden red offered a fine contrast to the prevailing dark green colour of the scenery. The white houses of the numerous little villages secluded near the bays of the sea, and in the ravines of the land, or more prominently dotting the lower declivities of the hills, were pleasing and interesting. While I surveyed these objects, I thought it very possible that one class of travellers might think it no loss of time to travel slowly along the Riviera di Levante for the purpose of gazing on these varied scenes which delight both the eye and mind—scenes which art would try in vain to equal, but which the memory ever recalls with pleasure.

At length, from some elevated ground, my fellow-travellers pointed out to me Chiavari. I looked, and saw two high promontories jutting out into the sea, and forming a bay, near the head of which was a somewhat large town. In half an hour more we had arrived. I first walked through some streets under arcades, over which the houses

are built. The number of priests whom I met, and the largeness of the churches which I entered, especially the Madonna del Orto, impressed me with the notion that the spiritual wants of the people are not neglected in Chiavari. The town itself does not appear rich, nor the country productive. There is, however, an abundance of figs and chestnuts. The aloe also seems to thrive, and although it is said to be a kind of plant which needs but little water, yet at Chiavari it grows close to the sea.

After wandering about the beach, I returned to the town, and observed several shops full of chairs, for the manufacture of which, I was informed, Chiavari is remarkable. These chairs, which are both very light and durable, are made of the willow and cherry wood.

Before quitting Chiavari I learnt that Garibaldi's father and grandfather had been captains of vessels. I was also furnished with a tree of the Garibaldi family; a document, however, which I must add scarcely deserved that name, for I could obtain little information from it regarding the origin of the

ex-Dictator of Naples—whether he is descended from one of the oldest families in Italy, or not. His answer to one who spoke to him of the antiquity and greatness of his origin was: “I do not care whether I am descended of a high family or not. What I care for is, to do all the good in my power.”

I returned the following morning from Chiavari to Genoa. The country between these two places is barren, though beautiful. The declivities between the high mountains and the sea are such as to make the use of the plough almost impracticable. The fig, the olive, the chestnut, the orange, and the vine thrive more or less; but there is little, on the whole, to deserve the name of agriculture, the quantity of corn grown and of vegetables raised being very inconsiderable. The villages between Chiavari and Genoa are numerous, and as the cultivation of the land is so neglected, it is probable that the inhabitants derive their means of subsistence more from the sea than from the land. Indeed, with a soil so barren, and a shore so indented with fine bays and gulfs, the

Genoese of this district is driven alike by choice and by necessity to turn his attention to the sea. Hence have arisen men like Doria and Columbus, seamen who have led galleys to combat, and ships to discovery ; and hence, doubtless, have sprung the hardy seafaring progenitors of Garibaldi.

As we approached Genoa, we observed under a noonday sun several places which, in the early hours of the preceding day, had been almost hidden in darkness. Among these was Nervi, where we saw orchards of orange-trees, blending the delicate whiteness of the flower with the fresh verdure of the leaf and the golden colour of the fruit. Nervi in Italy, and Seville in Spain, are both noted for oranges. Those of the latter place are bitter, and of the former sweet. The rind of the Nervi orange, however, is not like that of Seville, useful for being made into marmalade. I was much pleased, nevertheless, by the luxuriant aspect of these orange-trees, for in the month of December neither fruits, nor flowers are usually abundant. Soon afterwards, in the neighbouring village of Quarto, I was shown a work of art, a

small obelisk erected to mark the spot where the ex-Dictator of Naples had embarked with a thousand men for his Sicilian campaign. As I looked with interest at this monument, I could not help thinking that, even if other enterprises recorded in history have been as heroic, few probably have been so productive of good, as this successful crusade against tyranny and superstition.

The drive from Quarto to Genoa occupied nearly an hour. On my arrival in that city, I amused myself with making a general survey of it, if a few hours of rambling can deserve the name. I mounted, in the first instance, to some elevated ground above it, at a short distance beyond the church of Santa Maria di Carignano. Immediately behind me was a semicircle of hills, while close at hand were chestnut forests and terraced vineyards. Below were stately churches and fine palaces, in which the Genoese nobles for several centuries had lived magnificently, and beyond were the Gulf of Genoa, with mountains on either side, and numerous bays and promontories.

The aspect of so many grand edifices

brought to my mind the following words of a French Historian: "Les palais non moins que les temples temoignent que l'architecture fut toujours cultivée à Genes." I lingered on the spot, enjoying a threefold pleasure, from the graces of art, the beauties of nature, and the recollections of history. The hour had now come when the orb of day seemed to descend into the ocean. I gazed for a short time at the crimson, purple, and gold which dyed the outlines of the mountains, and then hastened into the town below. As I passed through the streets, I saw numerous copies of an address about the anniversary commemoration of an event in Genoese history. Although the Genoese have not the character of being an excitable people, this address was worded enthusiastically. It is said that they are too acute, too busy, too much engaged in the ordinary pursuits of life, and in making money, to be enthusiastic. In short, material interests and mercantile thoughts are too engrossing in their minds to leave in them any place for enthusiasm. Nevertheless, the sober-

mindful and sensible Genoese are ardent lovers, both of liberty and of country; and they give outward proof of this attachment, at least once a year.

The cold month of December is with them always a season of hot enthusiasm. In short, they commemorate annually at this time the expulsion of an enemy; for it was in the month of December that Genoa was occupied by fifteen battalions of Austrian infantry, cavalry, and artillery, under General Botta, and that the timid Senate of the Republic, besides disarming all its regular troops, forbade the citizens, under penalty of death, to assault or annoy the Austrian soldiers. However, in a narrow street of a populous quarter named the Portoria, a youth of humble birth, while a squadron of Austrian cavalry was passing, called out to the Genoese bystanders, "Shall I begin?" and immediately hurled a large stone. This, which was the signal of the *émeute*, was succeeded by volleys of stones, and the cavalry, thus surprised, took to flight, followed by cries of Arms, Liberty, Genoa! Soon the whole of the

lower classes rose, the arsenal was plundered, and the palace was attacked. The Austrians, who had been too confident of safety, were seized with a panic, and on the 10th of December were driven beyond the walls of Genoa. Three thousand five hundred Austrian prisoners fell into the hands of the *bourgeois* conquerors. The Genoese were justly proud of this unexpected victory, and, if my information be correct, it has since been annually commemorated.

The address on the subject of the ensuing commemoration contained the following passage :
“ Because the same nation which formerly occupied Genoa to-day oppresses Venetia, and because the hatred against that nation, the Austrians, is not in the least diminished, let us at the ensuing festival make vows that in the following year the Lion of Saint Mark and the Wolf of the Tiber shall be enabled freely to unite their voices to that which shall come out of our lips, in order to celebrate not only the victory of a past age, but also the complete liberation of the lands of Italy !”
Another part of the address urged the citizens

generally to attend the *fête* of the commemoration, and especially the survivors of the Thousand, inviting the latter to bring with them the banner presented to them by General Garibaldi.

On the day of the commemoration the streets of Genoa had a very gay appearance, abounding in festoons of flowers and other decorations. The ceremony began about two o'clock in the afternoon by a procession to the environs of the town. Its return was very slow. About seven o'clock in the evening I heard the sound of music in the Strada Nuova, and on hurrying thither I encountered the advanced part of the procession carrying branches of trees. It was apparently of great length ; the flags and standards also were very numerous. By chance I found myself near a banner presented by Garibaldi, which had fallen into his hands at Palermo, during his famous Sicilian campaign. I did not intend accompanying the procession, but being once in it, I was unable to extricate myself from the crowd. The windows under which we passed seemed full of spectators. The streets were illumi-

nated, and when we approached the Portoria there was a blaze of light.

Here we saw a balcony, and under it two pictures; one of which represented Garibaldi, and the other the boy commencing the insurrection which drove an Austrian garrison out of Genoa. A Neapolitan orator advanced into the balcony, and in a clear tone of voice addressed the assembled multitude. In his speech he dwelt on the patriotic bravery of the Genoese in ridding their city of a large and well-armed Austrian garrison, and seemed to think it sufficient to inspire every Italian with the hope that his country might one day be delivered from the yoke of the foreigner. He enlarged also on the merits of Garibaldi, amid a storm of applause and loud cries of "Viva Garibaldi!" His address, and that of a Genoese on the same topic, were both well received. A third orator was not so successful. A fourth spoke to an impatient audience. These last two speakers mentioned with praise the name of Mazzini, which appeared, however, to elicit no applause from the multitude. After listening to these four addresses,

I hastened on a little further, to see the representation of the stone flung.

I remained scarce two days in Genoa after the commemoration of this interesting historical *fête*; and during this brief interval I added some few particulars to my previous stock of information about Garibaldi. To this purpose Genoa is perhaps as well suited as Caprera. Whatever information I got in the noble cottage of that island might be considered as placed under lock and key, while that which I might obtain in Genoa, or elsewhere, I should feel less scruple in divulging.

On the subject of Garibaldi's family, I added little to the knowledge which I had gained at Chiavari about the two previous generations. What I heard at Genoa was of a less authentic but more remote kind, for I met with persons who aimed at tracing the origin of the Italian Liberator back to the kings of Lombardy. Though he may have no claim to an origin so remote, a person named Garibald is recorded by historians as having ruled at Milan in the year 662, and about seventy years earlier the name of Garibald is thus alluded to in the

pages of the historian Gibbon : “ After the loss of his promised bride, Autharis sought in marriage the daughter of the King of Bavaria ; and Garibaldi accepted the alliance of the Italian monarch. On the approach of a French army, Garibaldi and his daughter took refuge in the dominions of their ally.” The person here named may possibly have been the ancestor of the great Liberator ; but my Genoese friends gave me no proof of it. The question of Garibaldi’s descent from an aristocratic family seemed to me all the less important after witnessing the recent *fête* in commemoration of the patriotic victory so courageously gained by *bourgeois* over well-armed and well-disciplined troops. The event thus celebrated showed how noble deeds can be performed by men of ignoble birth, as well as by the most aristocratic heroes. None of the speeches delivered at the Commemoration made any allusion either to the violent excesses of the conquerors, or to the noble deeds of Lomellini, one of the highest members of the Genoese aristocracy. During the insurrection he fought with the people against the Austrians, after disguising himself as a

common sailor, in order that he might not offend the Senate. The *bourgeois*, however, recognised him, and were animated by his example. In the excitement of victory, having unfortunately given themselves up to pillage, they were effectually checked in their lawless course by Lomellini, who, like Garibaldi, though in a much inferior degree, was the object of both their respect and their love. In short, the patriotic and heroic conduct of the high-born Lomellini, and of the lower classes in Genoa, during the eventful month of December, 1746, goes far to prove that merit is not exclusively found in any particular condition of life.

Garibaldi himself, however—not his descent, about which there is so much uncertainty—is the great object of our interest. In his youth he received the advantage of a good moral and mental training. His father, who, like so many Genoese, lost property during the Revolution, spared no pains in giving him a good education. Garibaldi has even some knowledge of Hebrew, his father having intended him for the Church.

His own tastes, however, like those of his progenitors, seem to have been always in favour of the sea.

An elderly person who lived next door to Garibaldi in Nice, and who knew him intimately till his fifteenth year, tells many anecdotes both of the gentleness and hardihood of his character. Toys he would readily give away to poorer children ; and even in his youth he was so humane and brave, that long before he was fourteen years old he is known to have rescued a person from drowning in the river Var. He entered the Piedmontese navy ; but as early as the year 1834, was obliged to take refuge in France, in consequence of having engaged in fruitless efforts to rid Italy of the foreigner. From France he went to Tunis, and from thence to South America, where for fourteen years he so distinguished himself by deeds of bravery, and exhibited such proofs of military genius, that the loyal and patriotic offer of his services to the late King, not of Italy, but of Piedmont, in the year 1848, was considered highly acceptable.

His subsequent career is matter for the pen of

the historian; and if Lombardy, Parma, and Tuscany, together with Naples, have since that year become free, much, indeed, is due to the unselfish and indomitable spirit of the inhabitant of Caprera.

It was my lot while in Genoa to have some conversation with an intelligent medical practitioner in the Strada San Siro, who knew Garibaldi after his return from California in the ship *Commonwealth*. This gentleman spoke much in praise of his extensive acquaintance with books and countries. Indeed, all in Genoa, with whom I came in contact, appeared to be unanimous on the subject of Garibaldi's pure moral qualities and high intellectual endowments.

CHAPTER VII.

THE WALDENSIAN CHURCH AND SERVICE—ANTIQUITY OF THE CHURCH OF THE VAUDOIS—"THE MEN OF THE VALLEY" DENOUNCED IN ANCIENT ROMAN CATHOLIC MANUSCRIPTS—THE INSTITUTION OF MONASTERIES—OPPOSITION TO INNOVATIONS IN FORMS OF WORSHIP—HERESIES DENOUNCED BY THE COUNCIL OF ARRAS—PERSECUTIONS OF THE VAUDOIS IN 1665 ARRESTED BY CROMWELL—RELIGIOUS TOLERATION IN ITALY—THE USEFUL LABOURS OF SIR SAMUEL MORLAND—HIS HISTORY OF THE EVANGELICAL CHURCHES OF THE VALLEYS OF PIEDMONT—THE RELIGIOUS PRINCIPLES OF THE VAUDOIS—THEIR PERSECUTORS—CONTRADICTORY EDICTS OF THE DUKES OF SAVOY—THEIR INGRATITUDE TO THEIR VAUDOIS SUBJECTS—CONFORMITY BETWEEN THE DOCTRINES OF THE ROMAN CHURCH OF THE FOURTH CENTURY AND THOSE OF THE WALDENSIAN CHURCHES—TOLERATION SHOWN BY THE BISHOPS OF LYONS, TURIN, AND MILAN—IMPUTATIONS ON THE INTEGRITY OF SIR SAMUEL MORLAND—RECENT INCREASE IN THE NUMBER OF WALDENSIAN CHURCHES.

CHAPTER VII.

THE day after the memorable and historic anniversary of the 10th of December, I attended the Waldensian service. I cannot here call it the Waldensian church, for both the Presbyterian and the Waldensian services are celebrated in the same building. I was not quite so much interested in the service at Genoa as four years previously at Turin, when I visited a Waldensian church for the first time. This may have arisen either from its novelty to me at that time, or from the more imposing look of the building at Turin. Perhaps also the connection which may be said to exist between the history of Piedmont and that of the Waldensian Church, may have had some influence on my mind. However, it is almost impossible for a Protestant, whether his faith be mere schismatic heresy or undeniable orthodoxy, not to view with some

degree of interest the Church of the Waldenses, which so closely resembles his own, while it can boast of a much greater antiquity.

By the concurrent testimony of a large number of manuscripts, the Church of the Vaudois, or of the Men of the Valleys, would seem to be as old as that of Rome itself. Even its adversaries allow it to be a primitive church. Among them Rainerus, a Dominican monk, who wrote a book with a view to expose the pernicious nature of the doctrines of the Vaudois, says that they are older than the Arians, and may be traced to the time of the Apostles. He accuses them of blasphemy against the Roman Church, and complains of their having made translations of the Bible into vulgar tongues. Another monkish author states that "heretics had been found in the valleys of the Angrogna in all periods of history;" and a certain Archbishop of Turin, Claud Syssel, spoke of them as the Vaudois sect, which originated with one Leon, a devout man in the time of Constantine, who disapproved of the avarice of Pope Sylvester. There are also several very old manuscripts in

which their Sovereigns, the Dukes of Savoy, describe them as the "Men of the Valleys," and allude to their "ancient faith." In numerous Roman Catholic manuscripts of old date, the Vaudois are denounced for their opposition to images, relics, altars, prayers for the dead, and to the doctrines of absolution and purgatory, together with many others sanctioned by the head of the Church.

The Waldensian and Roman Churches both lay claim to high antiquity; but the former would seem to be the more conservative of the two. Innovations, reforms, or improvements, probably not conceived during the Apostolic age, have been introduced into the Roman Church at various epochs of its history. Until the fourth century after Christ monasteries were not known to exist in the world. Yet in the course of time, such favour did institutions of this kind find with the revered head of the Church, and with the professors of the Roman Catholic faith, that millions of people, abandoning friends and relatives, sacrificed the pleasures and duties of social life at the call of religion.

Although a large part of those who thus renounced the world lived a secluded life, yet many popular monks were introduced into the family circles of the wealthy, by whose means good proselytes were obtained and the monastic establishments enriched. During the fourth century, they secured many advantages to the Church, and, through their labours or persuasions, a large amount both of public and private wealth began to flow in pious channels. About the close of the same century a desire for images became manifest in the Church of Rome. Ambrose, Bishop of Milan, wrote a strong letter against the innovation, in which he alleged that certain superstitions prevalent elsewhere had not yet penetrated the mountainous regions of his diocese.

The Pontiffs of Rome in course of time sanctioned the introduction of images, and Gregory II. ably strove to point out the difference between Pagan idols and Christian images. Not long after the time of Gregory, certain Italian churches were denounced in pamphlets for their neglect of images, and their separation from Catholic unity.

In the year 1025 the Council of Arras denounced certain persons living on the borders of Italy for spreading heretical doctrines. They accused them especially of denying the real presence, and maintaining that there was no efficacy in relics, in the wood of the cross, or in pictures and images of saints.

The Waldenses, however, notwithstanding numerous and bitter persecutions, persisted in shewing no regard either to the worship of images, or to the doctrine of indulgences, or to any doctrine which, according to their private judgment, did not rest on some text in the Bible. The doctrines of these old Christians, who had ever preferred the law of Scripture to that of the Pope, found a ready welcome in the hearts of Luther, Calvin, Zwingli, and those other men who pretended to reform the Church of Rome and restore that of Christ. Some of the persecutions to which they were subject not only excited the sympathy but drew forth the aid of Protestants, as in the case of the massacre of Piedmont in 1665, which was arrested by the genius of Milton and the power of Cromwell. Milton, the most learned, per-

haps, of poets, thus alludes to the antiquity of the Waldenses :

“ Even them who kept thy truth so pure of old,
When all our fathers worshipt stocks and stones.”

When we read further on,

“ Their martyr'd blood and ashes sow
O'er all the Italian fields, where still doth sway
The triple tyrant ; that from these may grow
A hundred fold, who, having learnt thy way,
Early may fly the Babylonian woe,”

we begin to think that within the last twenty years the wishes of the poet may have been granted. At least, in that city from which the Duke of Savoy, in the year 1665, issued orders for compelling the Waldenses to become Papists, a Waldensian church has been erected. A site for a Protestant church was also given in the year 1860, in Naples, by its high-minded dictator, who, seeking nothing for himself, has redeemed millions from the yoke of despotism, and placed the rule over them in the hands of the present excommunicated representative of the House of Savoy.

The intervention of Protestant England, exactly two hundred years ago, in favour of the Waldenses, although it may have aimed only at stopping the massacre of those primitive Christians, helped also to throw much light on their history. Sir Samuel Morland, who was Cromwell's envoy to the ancestor of the present King of Italy, collected treatises composed by the inhabitants of the valleys of Piedmont, a great part of which were written about four hundred and twenty years before the year 1665, and others about five hundred and fifty, while the remainder seem to be of far more ancient date. Morland presented the originals of these manuscripts to the public library of the University of Cambridge. He also wrote a history of the Evangelical Churches of the valleys of Piedmont. The Vaudois, or Waldenses, caused to be printed at their own expense the first Bible in the French language, and Morland's history contains the preface to that Bible.

The religious principles of the Vaudois were in accordance with those of the early Protestant Reformers, and Morland's history contains interest-

ing testimonies of this accordance given by Martin Luther and Philip Melancthon, in the year 1533. These religious principles did not vary through the long lapse of ages, and Morland's history contains the Confessions of Faith of the Waldenses extracted from their manuscripts, bearing date 1655, 1535, 1120, and other years, between all of which confessions there exists the same unerring agreement.

The manuscripts brought to England by Oliver Cromwell's envoy prove how severely the faith of the Vaudois has been tried by persecution, during many centuries. The Pontiffs of Rome have repeatedly ordered their vassals to carry fire and sword into those villages where the seeds of heresy were first sown. Inquisitors from Spain have authorized cruelties against them. The Kings of France have been almost as merciless to them as to the Huguenots. Even their own Dukes of Savoy, although they have often benefited by the courage, loyalty, and devotion of the Waldenses, have been their persecutors. A letter of the Duke of Savoy, dated the 2nd of

September, 1684, praises strongly the fidelity of his Vaudois subjects, and their inviolable attachment to their sovereign; and yet a decree of 31st January, 1686, declares that every Protestant church should be razed to the ground.

Soon afterwards, the King of France and the Duke of Savoy fell upon them simultaneously. The versatile House of Savoy, however, left the French interest in the year 1690, and then granted an edict highly favourable to the Vaudois. It is not easy to explain how edicts so contradictory should have been issued by the same government within the space of a few years. However, many of the edicts of the Dukes of Savoy of a prior date seem to have been alike contradictory. Thus the edict of Charles Emmanuel II., Duke of Savoy, decreeing the persecution of 1655—in which aged men were burnt in their beds, infants were dashed against the rocks, and thousands of others were tortured—was preceded by an edict of 1653, of the same sovereign, highly favourable to the Vaudois. According to its traditionary policy, from a remote period of time,

even down to the present day, the House of Savoy seems to have understood how to reap favours from its subjects much better than how to requite them.

Thus Victor Amadeus II., contemporary of George III. of England, after sustaining defeats from the French, was indebted to the loyalty of his Waldensian subjects for a sure place of refuge, from which he emerged at an auspicious moment to regain his capital. Reinstated at Turin, he issued an edict praising the extraordinary valour of the Waldenses. Yet this same Victor Amadeus in course of time issued another edict against them, and they were reduced to such distress that funds were raised in England for their relief. Thus also in the revolutionary war, which began about the close of last century, the Vaudois shed their blood freely in favour of their sovereign, and with all the courage of mountaineers opposed the entry of the French battalions into his territories. Piedmont was at length annexed to France; but under the rule of the great Napoleon the Vaudois enjoyed toleration and protection. Peace returned

in the year 1814, and the King of Sardinia resumed possession of the dominions of the House of Savoy. He was then in a position to reward his loyal Vaudois subjects for their conduct in days of trouble. Such gratitude might have been expected all the more, because on the 4th of June, 1794, Victor Amadeus, King of Sardinia, had written a letter at Turin to his son Victor Emmanuel, acknowledging the constant and distinguished proofs of their attachment and fidelity, which the Vaudois had ever given to his predecessors, and also the zeal which they had shown in pressing into the army for the defeat of his enemies. However, the restored sovereign, adhering consistently to the policy of his ancestors, which never overwhelmed benefactors with gratitude, deprived his loyal Vaudois subjects of the benefits which they had enjoyed under the rule of Napoleon, and placed them under their former disabilities. Many of these people were thus reduced to want and misery, and not a few had their children taken from them, for the purpose of being trained in the Romish faith.

The English Government, by forcible remonstrances to the Court of Turin, gradually succeeded in getting most of these grievances removed. To Englishmen the Vaudois or Waldenses are commended by their love of liberty and of country, together with their truthfulness, courage, and many other good qualities. English Protestants must esteem them for their unshaken attachment to a primitive faith, which they have for many centuries adorned by Christian virtues. The Church of the Waldenses is not schismatic. "I teach no new sect, but keep myself to the pure faith," was the answer given by a Waldensian of the ninth century to a dignitary of the Church of Rome, who had accused him of encouraging separation from Catholic unity; that unity which, from the time of the Imperial Pontiff Sylvester, in the days of Constantine, even down to the present time, the Church of Rome has always more or less laboured to impose. However, notwithstanding these innovations, the Roman Church may boast of antiquity not inferior to that of the Vaudois. It may have even

sprung from the same source, but afterwards it has widely diverged from it.

One of the authorities on this subject, Allix, the historian of the Churches of Piedmont, asserts there is clear proof that the doctrines now held by the Waldensian Churches are entirely conformable to those of the Church of the fourth century; while the latter differ entirely from those now held by the Roman Catholic Church. The noble Leycon, in an old manuscript brought to England by Sir Samuel Morland, states that the aversion to communion with the Roman Church was owing to corruptions which began under Sylvester. Milton says, "At this time Antichrist began first to put forth his horn." He adds, "Constantine marred all in the Church." Part of the nineteenth canto of Dante's "Inferno," which expresses the same opinion and alludes to the avarice of Sylvester, is thus rendered by Milton :

" Ah, Constantine! of how much ill was cause,
Not thy conversion, but those rich demains
That the first wealthy Pope received of thee."

Petrarch, although a dignitary of the Romish Church, is occasionally severe towards it, especially in the following sonnet, which all editions do not contain :

“ Fontana di dolore, albergo d'ira,
Scola d'errori e tempio d'eresia,
Già Roma, or Babilonia falsa e ria ;
Per cui tanto si piagne e si sospira :

“ O fucina d'inganni, o prigion dira ;
Ove'l ben more e'l mal si nutre e cria ;
Di vivi inferno ; un gran miracol sia,
Se Christo teco alfine non s'adira.

“ Fondata in casta ed umil povertate,
Contra tuoi fondatori alzi le corna,
Putta sfacciata ; e dov' hai posto spene ?

“ Negli adulteri tuoi, nelle mal nate
Ricchezze tante ? or Constantin non torna ;
Ma tolga il mondo tristo che'l sostiene.”

The last six lines of this sonnet, which seem to date the heresy of the Church of Rome from the time of Constantine, are thus translated by Milton :

“ Founded in chaste and humble poverty,
'Gainst them that raised thee dost thou lift thy horn,

. where hast thou placed thy hope?
In thy adulterers, or thy ill-got wealth?
Another Constantine comes not in haste."

Gibbon, and many other authorities, might be quoted to show that in the fourth century the Church of Rome was becoming largely involved in the errors and heresies described by Petrarch. Therefore, if the Churches of the Vaudois and of Rome held the same principles down to that time, the age of Constantine must mark the point of their divergence. They would thenceforth run in widely different channels. The faith of the Church of Rome must then have begun to be overlaid with traditions and superstitions; while that of the Waldensian Church continued to flow through each successive age without taint or corruption—perhaps as pure to-day as when it first gushed forth from the rock on which the Church of Christ was built about eighteen centuries ago.

Everything that I have read in England, that I have seen in Italy, and that I have both heard and seen in Caprera, has contributed to

make me take much interest in the ancient faith of the Waldenses. About forty years ago that faith was limited in Italy to the inhabitants of a few Cisalpine valleys, and those who held it were then subject to persecution. Since that time a hero, dauntless and disinterested, has trodden intolerance under foot in his triumphant march through Lombardy, Parma, Tuscany, and the Two Sicilies. One of the results of his success is that the right of private judgment in matters of religious worship has been bestowed on millions; and consequently Waldensian churches have been built in many of the Italian towns. In spite, however, of the efforts of Garibaldi, Rome still remains what Petrarch formerly described it :

“Nido di tradimenti, in cui si cova
Quanto mal per lo mondo oggi si spanda.”

The bishops of Rome, even in the early centuries of the Christian era, never shewed to the faith of the Vaudois that toleration which was granted to it by those of Lyons, Turin, and Milan, who, until the eleventh century, were quite independent

of the Roman Pontiffs. In their intercourse with each other they could hardly fail to pass through the Piedmontese valleys. An eminent writer on this subject observes that the road from Lyons and other French towns where the early Church was founded, towards Milan, lies directly over the Cottian Alps, through the valleys of Piedmont and the city of Turin ; and as the intercourse between the clergy of Lyons and Milan during the fourth century was frequent, the result of it might be in the places thus traversed a uniformity of doctrine. Subsequent persecutions at Milan and Lyons drove many of the Christians to seek refuge in the Alpine retreats of the Piedmontese valleys.

“These valleys,” says Sir Samuel Morland, “are by nature strongly fortified by reason of their difficult passages and bulwarks of rocks and mountain ; as if the all-wise Creator had from the beginning designed that place as a Cabinet where-in to put some inestimable jewel, or there to preserve many thousands who should not bow the knee to Baal.”

Some zealous writers, who are adverse to the faith of the Vaudois, and perhaps friendly to that of Rome, have assailed the veracity of Morland, and even asserted that he forged many of the documents which he pretended to bring from Savoy. As Cromwell employed him on various diplomatic missions, and, after the death of that ruler, Charles II. availed himself much of his services, these imputations on his integrity are also imputations on the good sense and judgment both of the Protector and of the restored Sovereign. However, even if Morland was false and Milton credulous, there are ample testimonies on record, apart from those of such men, in favour of the antiquity of the Waldensian Church.

Before closing these remarks on the Waldenses, it may be desirable to say a few words about their doctrines, which I propose to do in the next chapter.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE DOCTRINES OF THE WALDENSIAN CHURCH—SACRAMENTS—JUSTIFICATION BY FAITH ALONE—GOOD WORKS—ELECTION AND FREE WILL—THE FALL OF MAN—THE ATONEMENT—THE GREAT COUNCIL OF NICÆA—ARIUS, ATHANASIUS, AND CONSTANTINE—THE THREE PERSONS OF THE TRINITY—OPINIONS REGARDING THE CHURCH—ITS MINISTERS AND GOVERNMENT—THE WALDENSIAN FORM OF WORSHIP—MILTON ON INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC AND INCENSE IN CHURCHES—THE FORBEARANCE AND CHARITY OF THE WALDENSES—THE SABBATH AND HOLY DAYS—THE SEVENTH BOOK OF "PARADISE LOST" A PARAPHRASE OF THE FIRST CHAPTER OF GENESIS—OPPOSITION OF THE WALDENSES TO LEGISLATIVE ENACTMENTS FOR THE OBSERVANCE OF SUNDAY—THE INVOCATION OF SAINTS AND ANGELS—THE SINCERITY AND RESOLUTION OF THE VAUDOIS IN THE MAINTENANCE OF THEIR FAITH—THEIR HUMANITY TO THEIR ENEMIES IN WAR.

CHAPTER VIII.

IT is my intention to devote this chapter to a few remarks on the doctrines of the Waldensian Church. These remarks will be the more appropriate if this little work should fall into the hands of those who know even less about those doctrines than its author. The information which I am about to give may be very imperfect, but it will not be altogether useless if it serve to whet the appetite for additional knowledge on this subject, or to excite more interest in a class of Christians so pure and primitive as the Waldenses.

As sacraments are fundamental articles of the Christian faith under its multiform aspects, it may be well to begin these remarks by stating that the Waldenses acknowledge only two Sacraments—Baptism and the Lord's Supper. They believe in

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the efficacy of infant baptism, and as one of the grounds of this belief they quote the words of Christ, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not : for of such is the kingdom of God." If the doctrine of original sin be true, or if, in other words, it be true that men are conceived and born in sin, infant baptism may rightly appear to the Waldenses, in common with other Christians, necessary for the purpose of uniting children to Christ and cleansing them by his blood. With regard to the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, the Waldenses deny the power of the priest to consecrate the bread and wine, asserting that the bread is to be eaten and the wine drunk in a spiritual sense alone. They maintain that when the Author and Finisher of our faith directed that in all future ages his followers should eat the bread and drink the wine in remembrance of him, he instituted that commemoration for the nourishment of the souls of Christians. Accordingly those who are possessed of a true faith, and aided by the Holy Spirit, will find that every time they join in the celebra-

tion of this sacrament, they will so effectually partake of the body and blood of Christ, that he will dwell in them, and they in him, until at length they reach through him the enjoyment of spiritual and eternal life.

They maintain that man is justified by faith alone, and not by his own works or merits, and that this faith can be attained only by frequent hearing and reading of the Scriptures. Among some of the grounds on which this doctrine stands are the following Scripture texts: "He that believeth on me hath life eternal." "No man can have anything unless it be given to him from above." "To him who worketh not, but believeth on him who justifieth the ungodly, is his faith reckoned for righteousness." Indeed, if there be truth in those books which have been written by inspiration, it may come to pass that a man whose works alone are good shall not attain salvation. Such, according to the opinion of the Waldenses, and some other classes of Christians besides, is the superiority of faith to works. Thus St. Paul has said, "By the works of the law shall

no flesh be justified ; and a greater than St. Paul, Christ himself, has exhorted his followers to use the following words : “ When ye shall have done all things which are commanded to you, say ye, ‘ We are unprofitable servants.’ ” Long before the time of our Saviour the founder of his royal throne on earth said, “ Lord enter not into judgment with thy servant, for in thy sight shall no man living be justified.” Such are the sayings of Christ, Paul, and David, and these are not mean authorities on the inefficacy of works alone. But while the Waldenses thus put faith before works, they believe that a Christian ought to show a living faith by good works ; because, as St. James says, “ Faith without works is dead.” They maintain that although it is impossible for a man to work out his own salvation, yet that, if he unite good works to faith, those good works will be recompensed in a future state. The Vaudois, or Waldenses, assert that without a life of practical morality salvation is not attainable ; seeing that faith is the source of those good works which the divine word hath commanded, and that without that saving principle

a man is unable either to obey the law, or to resist those temptations to bad actions which Satan is continually throwing in his way. They seem to think that the man who has this faith, knowing the weakness of his own nature, will be disposed to offer up prayers for grace, mercy, and favour to heaven, until they—

“ clad

With incense, where the golden altar fumes,
By their great Intercessor, come in sight
Before the Father's throne; them the glad Son
Presenting, shall to intercede begin.”

These opinions of the Waldenses, and of their great English admirer, John Milton, appear to harmonize with numerous passages in Holy Writ, and especially with some in Revelation.

Though the doctrines of Election and Free-will are so difficult that I avoid giving my own opinion about them, yet I would consider any notice of the faith of the Waldenses very imperfect if I did not record, to the best of my ability, their opinions on these disputed points. They believe that man, being created pure and good, might, if he had

remained in his first state, have guided himself rightly by his own free-will, the power to use which, in conformity with the Divine Law, he afterwards lost by his transgression. After man's disobedience his free-will, they assert, became the slave of sin, and his nature so corrupt that he was thenceforth unable to perform good deeds without divine grace. Seeing the lost state into which he thus fell, it pleased the Creator of the Universe, say the Waldenses, to elect those who should be saved hereafter from condemnation. Opinions like these serve to call to mind the following lines of the poet Milton :

“Some I have chosen of peculiar grace,
 Elect above the rest; so is my will :
 The rest shall hear me call, and oft be warned
 Their sinful state, and to appease betimes
 The incensed deity, while offer'd grace
 Invites ; for I will clear their senses dark,
 What may suffice, and soften stony hearts
 To pray, repent, and bring obedience due.”

The Waldenses believe in Christ's Incarnation, Passion, Death, Resurrection, and Ascension into Heaven. They believe, as Milton has written,

that Christ gave such evidence of his love to men,
that he willingly became

“ . . . mortal, to redeem
Man's mortal crime, and just the unjust to save.”

They are quite aware that when man

“ Broke his fealty, and sinned
Against the high supremacy of Heaven,
Affecting Godhead,”

he, with his whole posterity, must have died eternally, unless there had been found some one willing and able to pay for him

“ The rigid satisfaction, death for death.”

They believe, in the words of the same poet, that

“ . . . without redemption all mankind
Must have been lost, adjudg'd to Death and Hell
By doom severe, had not the Son of God,
In whom the fulness dwells of love divine,”

mediated in their favour. In one word, the Waldenses believe in the great doctrine of the Atonement.

As there is a large class of moral and intelligent persons who, though they believe in the Atonement, regard Christ only as a being created by God, it may be well to state at once how far that doctrine, which is said to date its origin from Arius, is held by the Waldenses. These people believe in the doctrine of the Great Council, which assembled about the year A.D. 325, at Nicæa, which Milton has honoured with the name of "the first and famousest of all the rest," and which wrote a synodical epistle to the African churches to warn them against Arianism. There Arius, in spite of the efforts made in his favour by Eusebius, was excommunicated; and there Athanasius, by his able exposure of the errors of the Arians, became celebrated. As for Constantine, that great enricher of the clergy, he displayed such impartiality between the disputants, that he first banished Arius, and afterwards Athanasius. Milton has written about the "unsoundness of that emperor's religion," in favouring the Arians who had been condemned in a council of which he himself sat, as it were, president, and has censured him

for his banishment of the "faithful and invincible Athanasius." The Athanasian Creed, which asserts that the substance of the Divinity resides in three different persons, Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, is that which is received by the Waldenses. They believe that God, the creator of all things, is a Spirit who has existed eternally; that Christ is both God and man, equal to God as touching his Godhead, but inferior to him as touching his manhood; and that the Holy Spirit is a comforter sent by God and Christ, by whose inspiration man is able effectually to offer up prayers, to perform good works, and to receive the knowledge of truth. How like is the Waldensian belief in the third person of the Trinity, the Holy Spirit, to that of Milton, when he writes,

" from Heaven
He to his own a Comforter will send,
The promise of the Father, who shall dwell
His Spirit within them; and the law of faith,
Working through love, upon their hearts shall write,
To guide them in all truth."

Milton, indeed, acknowledges the efficacy of this

third person of the Trinity at the beginning of his chief poem, by thus invoking his aid :

“ And chiefly Thou, O Spirit, that dost prefer
Before all temples the upright heart and pure,
Instruct me, for Thou know’st ; Thou from the first
Wast present, and with mighty wings outspread,
Dove-like satst brooding on the vast abyss,
And mad’st it pregnant : What in me is dark,
Illumine.”

As for the second person of the Trinity, it may be interesting and even useful to compare the Waldensian belief that in Christ dwells all the fulness of the Godhead, with a few of Milton’s expressions on this subject. The poet represents Christ as the “Omnific Word” and the “Filial Godhead”—as

“ Equal to God, and equally enjoying
God-like fruition.”

And as God created the world, Milton alludes evidently to the Trinity, when he describes

“ The King of Glory, in his powerful Word
And Spirit, coming to create new worlds.”

Thus the opinions of the Waldenses about Christ, or the “Word,” appear to agree with those

of Milton ; and as it is stated, in the Gospel of St. John, that “in the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God,” there seems reason to believe that these opinions are orthodox. How Arius should have asserted that the Scriptures are the rule of faith, should have allowed that the Word therein alluded to is Christ, and yet have denied that the “Word was God,” although such is the statement in Holy Writ, is not easy to understand. It is far more easy to comprehend that, when that heresiarch was excommunicated and banished, his errors may have been extended and perpetuated by that intolerance which seems contrary to the spirit of the Waldenses, who admit the doctrine of the Athanasian Creed without its damnatory clauses.

As there is much diversity of opinion among Christians about the Church—some holding the principles of Laud the Archbishop, others those of Locke the philosopher, and many not holding the principles of either—it may be desirable to state briefly the opinions of the Waldenses on this subject. The Church, they assert, exists in a

twofold sense—the one Universal, and the other Ministerial. In its Catholic or Universal sense, it includes all Christians, without regard either to their occupation or condition in life. Among the grounds on which this assertion rests is that saying in Revelation: “After this I beheld, and lo, a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations and kindreds, and people and tongues, stood before the throne, and before the Lamb.” Christ is accordingly the head of the Church, the Holy Spirit and the Sacraments are its foundation, and all true believers are its members. The Waldenses further assert that there are many parts of this general or universal Church; because in every assembly where the Bible is read and the sacraments are rightly administered—however small may be the assembly for the benefit of such reading and ministration—there exists a part of the Universal Church and a Christian society. The truth of this statement rests on the saying of Christ, “Where two or three shall be gathered in my name, there am I in the midst of them.”

Such is the Church in its general sense. In its Ministerial sense it consists of the Barbs, or Ministers, and the people who are committed to their charge. Its affairs are managed by a Synod, or General Assembly, which is composed of the ministers, together with the elders, who are chosen by the people and presided over by the Moderator, who is elected annually. Whenever a minister is to be appointed to a parish, the names of several candidates are usually recommended by the parish to the Synod ; and it is the duty of the latter to select the candidate who, after a rigid examination, seems to possess the greatest qualifications. The successful candidate is then ordained, according to the rules which have been laid down for this ceremony in the New Testament, namely, by the imposition of hands. After he has been thus solemnly devoted to the work of the holy ministry, it is expected that he will set a good example by his moral conduct, preach sound doctrine, administer rightly the Sacraments, and exclude from the service of God all those rites and ceremonies which border on idolatry. Such are the

duties which a minister of the Church is expected to perform, and the neglect of which renders him liable to be deprived of his holy office. The power to eject false pastors, if my information be correct, rests entirely with the Synod or General Assembly.

The question regarding the rites and ceremonies with which Divine Service should be celebrated has been so much discussed recently, that we cannot pass from this subject without saying a word about the Waldensian form of worship. Some like that which is sensuous, others that which is simple, and there may be a large number of persons who are satisfied with ceremonies which lie between the two extremes. Many think that music, painting, and architecture are useful accessories to devotion; while others regard them as aids, not to piety, but to superstition—an opinion which seems to coincide with that of a great English author, who in one of his essays has stated that the “causes of superstition are pleasing and sensual rites and ceremonies.” Many who are averse to a splendid ritual like sacred music so much, that, if their charitable neighbours

judge correctly, they

“ to church repair,
Not for the doctrine but the music there”—

the allusion here being doubtless to the organ, which Milton, who cannot be charged with having preferred a sensual to a spiritual kind of worship, evidently considered rather a help to devotion than otherwise, when he wrote,

“ There let the pealing organ blow,
To the full-voiced choir below,
In service high, and anthems clear,
As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
Dissolve me into ecstasies,
And bring all heaven before mine eyes.”

These lines, however, it may be said, were written in Milton's earlier years, when his opinions about church music were very different from what they were after he became a Puritan. An excellent critic of the poet's works, led away perhaps by his own aversion to Puritanism, has stated that, after Milton adopted Republican principles, “his system of worship, which renounced all outward solemnity, tended to silence the pealing organ and the full-voiced choir”—an assertion which cannot

be accurate, as it would appear from Milton's writings, several years after he became secretary to Oliver Cromwell, that he liked not only music but even incense in churches. Thus he describes the first Sabbath as—

“ . . . not in silence holy kept : the harp
Had work and rested not ; the solemn pipe,
And dulcimer, all organs of sweet stop,
All bounds on fret by string or golden wire,
Temper'd soft tunings, intermix'd with voice
Choral or unison : of incense clouds,
Fuming from golden censers, hid the mount.”

From these and other parts of the great poet's works, it may be inferred that in his old age, as well as in his youth, he both liked and approved of church music. There is probably, however, a large class of persons who, without any particular taste for music, would yet object to the absence of organs in churches. They appear to consider an organ, however imperfect may be the performance on it, as a religious instrument. The poet perhaps expresses their feeling when he says,

“ Light quirks of music, broken and uneven,
Make the soul dance upon a jig to Heaven.”

In short, so great is the difference of worship among Christians, that if a coachman in London were to take a Presbyterian by mistake to the Jesuit Church near Grosvenor Square, instead of the kirk near Portman Square, it is quite possible that before the latter had been five minutes in the church of the Society of Jesus, although it might be his first appearance there, he would think the driver had gone the wrong road. But if the coachman had driven the Presbyterian to the Waldensian church, provided there is such a church in London, the sole obstacle to his remaining there might have been the foreign language of the barb or minister. Thus extreme simplicity or absence of form characterizes the churches of the Waldenses. Yet, although they exclude rites and ceremonies from their own churches, they carefully abstain from taking offence at them in others, not only because many of them may be useless without being injurious to piety, but also because such offence has a tendency to foment discords in religion. When I first heard of this wise and forbearing rule of conduct on the part of the Waldenses,

I thought of a saying quoted in one of Bacon's essays: "Let there be variety in the robe of Christ, but let there be no rent;" and also of the following words, in a speech delivered by the Reverend Dr. Cumming: "In necessariis unitas, in non necessariis libertas, in omnibus caritas."

The Waldenses do not think it necessary to abstain from meats on certain days, nor to regard the feasts and vigils of saints; but, on the contrary, they deem attention to such things superstitious. They set apart no day as holy except the Sabbath, and they ground the necessity for its observance on many passages in Scripture. Milton seems to have entertained a similar opinion about the Sabbath, for after describing, with becoming grandeur, and at some length,

"The great Creator from his work return'd
Magnificent, his six days' work, a World;"

he adds that the author and end of all things,

" from work
Now resting, bless'd and hallow'd the seventh day,
As resting on that day from all his work."

With regard to this "six days' work, a world," many, doubtless, are familiar with what is called the "geological time," and with the assertion of persons endowed with much intellectual power, that the earth, before it was inhabited by human beings, must have been undergoing the process of formation through hundreds, perhaps thousands, of years, during which it was tenanted by successive races of animals, whose organic remains have been found embedded in the various strata. Thus the time ascribed to the world's creation by some able men is long and uncertain, while that given to it by Moses, in whom the Waldenses have implicit faith, is both short and clearly defined. But if light had not been made on the first day, there might have been an insuperable obstacle in the way of computing the six days of creation, and in believing that the seventh day was ordained to be a day of cessation from labour. However, that student of the bible, and friend of the Waldenses, Milton, describes how light sprung from the deep on the first day, and adds :

" . . . God saw the light was good ;

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And light from darkness by the hemisphere
Divided : light the day, and darkness night,
He nam'd. Thus was the first day even and morn."

It may be worthy of remark here that the seventh book of "Paradise Lost" has been viewed by some of the best critics as a larger sort of paraphrase upon the first chapter of Genesis, so much did Milton copy Moses in his account of the creation. Thus he has observed the same series and order in each of the days, and has written that on the sixth

"There wanted yet the master-work, the end
Of all yet done ; a creature who, not prone
And brute as other creatures, but endued
With sanctity of reason, might erect
His stature, and upright with front serene,
Govern the rest, self-knowing ; and from thence
Magnanimous to correspond with Heaven,
But grateful to acknowledge whence his good
Descends, thither with heart, and voice, and eyes
Directed in devotion, to adore
And worship God supreme, who made him chief
Of all his works."

Accordingly these simple people, the Waldenses, many of whose religious notions accord with those

of Milton, have always testified their gratitude to the Creator by devoting the seventh day to his glory, instead of performing on it any part of their worldly labours. They regard the Sabbath as an institution both ancient and divine, because, as stated in Genesis, "on the seventh day God ended his work which he had made; and he rested on the seventh day from all his work which he had made. And God blessed the seventh day, and sanctified it." They regard it as a day of rest, in obedience to the Divine command, because the Creator has said, "Six days may work be done; but on the seventh day is the Sabbath of rest, holy to the Lord," and also in imitation of the high example set to themselves and other believers, because, as the Bible says, "In six days the Lord made heaven and earth, and on the seventh day he rested and was refreshed." They found their hope in observing the Sabbath on the following passage of Isaiah: "Blessed is the man that doeth this, and the son of man that layeth hold on it; that keepeth the Sabbath from polluting it, and keepeth his hand

from doing any evil." They ground their fear of violating the Sabbath on the words of Nehemiah: "What evil thing is this that ye do, and profane the Sabbath day? Did not your fathers thus, and did not our God bring all this evil upon us and upon this city? Yet ye bring more wrath upon Israel by profaning the Sabbath:" and also upon the heavy threats of divine wrath against those who do not hallow the Sabbath, which are contained in the writings of Jeremiah, Ezekiel, and in many passages besides of the inspired volume.

The Waldenses state that the seventh day ought to be regarded as a day not only of rest from labour, but of abstinence from all kinds of pleasure or amusement; and among the scriptural texts on which they rely for the truth of their statement, they quote from the writings of Isaiah the following words: "If thou turn away thy foot from the Sabbath, from doing thy pleasure on my holy day; and call the Sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honourable; and shalt honour him, not doing thy own ways, nor finding

thine own pleasure, nor speaking thine own words: Then shalt thou delight thyself in the Lord; and I will cause thee to ride upon the high places of the earth," &c.

But while the Vaudois thus rigidly observe the Sabbath, they carefully avoid the error of the Pharisees, in honouring the letter of the fourth commandment at the expense of its spirit, by fantastic notions and unjust prohibitions. It may therefore be supposed that these tolerant Christians would not much approve of legislative enactments to enforce the observance of the Sabbath; for the effect of such enactments might be to lay on the shoulders of the poorer classes "heavy burdens and grievous to be borne;" such as those who owned much wealth and boasted of much religion would not move "with one of their fingers." On the contrary, the Vaudois do not try to bind free conscience, or to make laws for their neighbours in matters of faith, or in any way to interfere with the right of private judgment, believing, as they do, that in spiritual things man owes no allegiance to any one excepting to the King of kings. But

unfortunately they have rarely experienced from others the toleration which they have been ever willing to grant; and until the triumph of those principles for which Garibaldi has successfully combated, they have often refused, with much self-sacrifice, their assent to doctrines which they considered erroneous. Among these may be mentioned the adoration of the Virgin Mary, whom they are quite willing to regard as blessed above all women, but not as "our Lady," the "Queen of Heaven," and a Mediator between God and man; because, say these primitive Christians, in the language of Scripture, "There is one God and one Mediator between God and man;" neither is there salvation in any other, for there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved." Thus they regard the invocations of saints and angels as worse than needless. They refuse also to believe in the existence of purgatory, in the efficacy of holy water, auricular confession, extreme unction, or masses for the repose of the soul, and in numerous other doctrines, which, if the Waldenses state correctly, were introduced by

the Bishops and Popes of Rome into the Church, instead of being authorised by its Divine founder.

I have now finished a slight sketch of some of the leading principles and doctrines of the Waldenses, a class of Christians so pure and primitive, as to render their history well worthy of being studied attentively. Many persons may disapprove of some of their doctrines, but there are probably few right-minded people who can fail to admire the tenacity with which they adhere to those principles which they consider orthodox, amidst all the inducements both of safety and self-interest to abandon them. Their sufferings for their faith may be regarded as an undeniable test of their sincerity, and a convincing proof that they are not chargeable with that counterfeit or forgery which has done infinite mischief to religion—

“Hypocrisy, the only evil that walks
Invisible, except to God alone.”

If indeed there had been Mawworms or Cantwells among them, the grievous persecutions which they underwent many centuries before the Reformation, and even several years afterwards, when

the bitterness of intolerance towards alleged heretics had abated in most European countries, would have been quite sufficient to have expelled or frightened away those false Christians. Their unaffected love of the Bible, in those ages when the priesthood were most unwilling that the laity should search the Scriptures, cost them very severe losses. Yet, in the midst of all their sufferings, so general was the study of the Bible, that a dignitary of the Roman Catholic Church spoke, or rather complained, of having met with a Waldensian ploughboy who had committed the whole book of Job to memory. Hence, perhaps, may have arisen their unconquerable resolution to maintain their faith at all hazards. For this reason they were regarded as incorrigible heretics, and, on account of their obstinacy, were exposed not only to the perils of fire, flood, famine, and the sword, but to death in every shape which intolerent cruelty might suggest, or a perverse ingenuity could devise. Thus the virtue of these heroic people became like gold well tried, and silver well refined, so much had it been purified in the fiery furnace of oft-repeated persecution.

The page of history is inscribed with many bright examples of that virtue, especially with instances of their courage and loyalty. These were the qualities by which they enabled the Dukes of Savoy to attain and wear a regal crown, for which they were rewarded with crowns of martyrdom. Nor were they less distinguished by their charity, in the exercise of which they seem to have recognised no distinction between friend and foe, softening to both the rigours of war.

Among the instances of humanity, almost innumerable, which they have displayed, not the least memorable occurred during the war against France in the time of the great Napoleon, when they often took the wounded soldiers of the enemy into their houses, and treated them with tenderness. Sometimes, placing them in litters on their shoulders, they even carried them back, through the passes of the Alps, into their own country. Such was their conduct towards three hundred and fifty French soldiers, who being wounded near Bobi, in Savoy, might have been left to perish in the snow, if they had not been removed by their generous and humane

opponents to the town of Briançon, in France. Thus the Waldenses have adorned with deeds of noblest kind the faith which they profess. While too many have been carrying in their hands a mere imitation of the Christian emblem, they have borne in their hearts the real cross, and instead of covering their faces with the mask of hypocrisy, have worn on their heads the bright helmet of truth. Thus they have remained steady in their attachment to the Church, refusing to barter the treasures of the Bible for the dazzling but perishable gifts of Mammon.

As the Waldenses have so well preserved the beauty of their church, and maintained the purity of their faith, their past history deserves to be carefully studied by all who can admire the heroism of men whom the Truth has made free. A slight sketch is the utmost which it is in my power to give; but it will not be altogether without value if it induce some of those who have hitherto been indifferent about those time-honoured Christians, to seek for better information elsewhere.

CHAPTER IX.

SIR SAMUEL MORLAND—HIS CONNECTION WITH CROMWELL AND WITH THE ROYALISTS—SIR RICHARD WILLIS'S PLOT—PARTICULARS OF THE CONSPIRACY OVERHEARD BY SIR SAMUEL MORLAND—HIS NARROW ESCAPE, AND DETERMINATION TO DIVULGE THE PLOT—THE MURDER OF CHARLES II. PREVENTED—REASONS FOR DOUBTING THE REALITY OF THIS PLOT—ALLEGED VISIT OF MORLAND TO THE KING AT BREDÁ—THE DATE OF MORLAND'S KNIGHTHOOD—TWO INTERESTING MANUSCRIPTS—REASONS FOR THE HONOURS CONFERRED ON MORLAND—PARTICULARS FROM AN UNPUBLISHED AUTOBIOGRAPHY—PERPLEXITY OF MORLAND ON THE DISCOVERY OF THE PLOT—DESPATCH OF MAJOR HENSHAW TO CHARLES IN HOLLAND—THE CONSPIRACY FRUSTRATED—CHARACTER AND ABILITIES OF SIR SAMUEL MORLAND—THE ROUTE FROM GENOA TO ENGLAND—THE THREE VALLEYS OF THE VAUDOIS—DETERMINE TO RETURN HOME BY THE PASS OF MONT CENIS.

CHAPTER IX.

THE political power of Oliver Cromwell, and the pen of his "Secretary for Foreign Tongues," John Milton, certainly effected much in favour of the Waldenses. There is, however, another name, which is more closely and beneficially associated with them than those of the protector, the poet, or any other Englishman. The person to whom I allude is Sir Samuel Morland; a few words about whom, after treating of the Waldenses, may not be inappropriate. As the service which he had rendered, by the able execution of his mission to the Duke of Savoy, was fully appreciated by Cromwell on his return to England, about the year 1658, and he was afterwards not less honoured and thanked by Charles II., I felt some desire to know how this friend of the Waldenses had succeeded in winning golden opinions from both sides. In order to satisfy my curiosity with regard to Morland's con-

nection with the Royalists, I read the assertions and contradictions of opposing parties respecting a conspiracy known as Sir Richard Willis's plot, which, if report be true, was concerted in the office of John Thurloe, Secretary of State, of whom Morland was the private secretary.

According to this report, Morland, whose presence behind a desk was for some time unperceived, overheard a discussion between Richard Cromwell, Sir Richard Willis, and Thurloe, on the subject of a plan for entrapping the Royal party and effecting their ruin. While listening to this conversation he heard that it had been arranged to send messengers to the king, in Flanders, with plausible letters, inviting him to come to England with his two brothers, and only a few of his devoted followers, so as to avoid exciting the suspicions of Cromwell's government. It was to be mentioned in these letters that if Charles II. would name the probable time of his landing at a certain port on the coast of Sussex, he would be joined at once by five hundred infantry, and immediately afterwards by two thousand cavalry. It was also arranged by this

triumvirate of Cromwell, Willis, and Thurloe, that if Charles II., together with his brothers, should land, they were to be attacked and put to death immediately. In this very interesting conversation hopes were expressed that if the king, together with the Duke of York, and a few others, could thus be shot, the royal cause might probably give the country no more trouble.

At length, when the discussion of this little cabinet council was finished, Morland was discovered by Richard Cromwell in a state of apparent sleep behind his desk. Suspecting that he had been listening, Cromwell drew his poniard, with the intention of making him sleep soundly for ever. In this rather serious state of matters, Thurloe assured Cromwell that Morland was so much fatigued with work the two previous nights, that he must have been in a profound slumber during the whole of the discussion—an assurance by which the suspicions of the former were lulled, and the life of the latter was preserved. Morland, however, was not only disgusted with what he had overheard, but was also impressed with the belief

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that if he did not divulge the plot to the exiled king he would be accessory to his murder.

It is due to Morland to mention that at this time he possessed a handsome equipage, a well-furnished house, and an income of one thousand pounds per annum, which in those days was considered a large amount. Thus he had much to lose or hazard in endeavouring to aid an unfortunate prince, whose restoration to a throne seemed at that time very uncertain. But if the path of duty lay in one direction, and that of self-interest in another, this powerful friend of the Waldenses was not the person to hesitate between them. He therefore despatched Major Henshaw, a Royalist, to Charles II., to warn him of the plot against his life, and afterwards visited the king at Breda, where he made some important disclosures.

After Charles had seen Major Henshaw, he received very plausible letters, urging him to embark immediately for England, and assuring him of support if he came at once. Being well advised, however, of the meaning of these letters,

he made various excuses; and thus Morland—on the supposition that the report of this plot is true—not only arrested the massacre in Piedmont, but also prevented the murder of Charles II., his two brothers, and several adherents of the Royal family.

Several writers, however, either deny the existence of this plot, or maintain that the report regarding it wants confirmation. Among them is the biographer of Thurloe, to whom Morland was secretary. After alluding to the report of Sir Richard Willis's plot, and giving the particulars of a supposed conversation between Cromwell, Willis, and Thurloe, he adduces evidence to show that no such conspiracy could have existed. There is also in the State Papers of Thurloe a protest against such statement as might attribute to him any concern in the judicial murder of Charles I., which is so earnest as to render it very improbable that he could have been engaged in a far more criminal design against the lives of the king's unoffending family. Moreover, the humane, gentle, and unambitious character of

Richard Cromwell seems to render his participation in this plot altogether impossible.

As to Morland's visit to the king at Breda, for the purpose of making important disclosures, which might go far to prove the existence of the plot, that visit is denied by several writers on this subject. The period at which Morland received the honour of knighthood might show whether Charles II. was requiting services when he bestowed it, but most of the writers who notice the subject omit giving the date. Two of the manuscripts relating to this affair, furnished to me by friends, are interesting. One of these states that Samuel Morland was knighted by the king at Breda, on 20th May, 1660, which was a few days before his restoration. But the supposed plot was arranged in the spring of 1659, about a year before the date of Morland's knighthood, which therefore was too late to be of much, if any, significance. The visit of Morland to the king at Breda in May, 1660, could not, at any rate, have been made for the purpose of frustrating a plot which was to have been executed about twelve months before.

What were the services which Charles II. requited are not stated in this manuscript. But in the following extract from the other, dated 12th August, 1661, the year of the coronation, some of the reasons why Morland was rewarded with a knighthood and a baronetcy, are stated :—

“ Et comme ainsi soit que Messire Samuel Morland (als Morley), Chevallier & Baronet, et un des Gentilshommes Ordinaires de la très honorable Chambre Privée de sa Mat^e ayant eu de tres eminentes occasions de servir sa ditte Mat^e durant le sejour Qu'elle a fait au delà de la mer, & y estant poussé d'un cœur vrayement loyal et genereux, voire jusqu'à mettre entièrement sa vie et sa fortune au hazard, n'a pas seulement donné des constants et fidelles avis à sa Mat^e touchant les pernicieuses procédures et menées de ces cruels Usarpateurs, icy in Angleterre, et decouvert ceux aux quels sa ditte Mat^e s'estant pleinement confiée, ont par une lacheté incroyable trahy ses conseils et ses desseins ; mais aussi par la benediction de Dieu sur ses soins et vigilances extraordinaires a frustré et rendu vains plusieurs sanglants desseins de ces tyrans en delivrant un bon nombre des fidelles et loyaulx subjects de sa Mat^e des prisons, banissemments, eschauffaulx, et gibbets, et a aussi puissamment contribué selon la place et qualité qu'il tenoit, à l'heureux restablissement de sa Mat^e De tous lesquels ses fidelles services sa Mat^e ayant une bonne et agréable souvenance entre aultres marques d'honneur, et luy a pleû par sa specialle commission adressée a moy en datte du 16^{me}.

jour de ce present mois d'Aoust donner et assigner au dit Messire Samuel Morland (als Morley) comme une marque d'honneur," &c.

In addition to being furnished with these documents, I have been kindly permitted to see an unpublished autobiography of the person who is said to have frustrated the alleged plot for inveigling Charles II. and his brothers into destruction. According to this interesting manuscript, Sir Richard Willis, acting in concert, not with Thurloe, as I had read elsewhere, but with Scot, who had been appointed Secretary of State in place of Thurloe, after hiring Western Hanger House, a large mansion in Kent, with a moat round it, pressed the king to come with all diligence to England, and, for the better encouragement of those who should rise in aid of his restoration, reside in the dwelling which they had prepared for him. As Willis had often sent money to the exiled monarch, and had affected much sympathy for his misfortunes, Charles II. readily assented to the proposition, and even fixed the day for quitting Brussels on his way to Eng-

land. Sir Richard Willis immediately gave notice of Charles II.'s intention to Scot, the secretary, who arranged that several thousand chosen men, armed *cap-à-pie*, should secrete themselves in the woods until the watch-word by which it was to be signified that the king had entered the house was given, at which signal the well-armed band were to rush into the apartment of the king, and murder him, together with his party. Both the new secretary, Scot, and Sir Richard Willis considered this would be a far better method of ridding the country of Charles II. than by bringing him formally to trial, as had been done in the case of his father. But, happily for that Sovereign, Sir Richard Willis mentioned the plot to Morland, and wrote letters to him, abounding with expressions both of pity and contempt for the royal exile who in his distress had been obliged to pawn his plate and watch. One of these letters ended with the words: "And now I know not what power this little king has left, unless it be to command his followers to run as mad as they please."

When Morland heard of this plot he reflected

on the sin of which he should be guilty if he allowed his Sovereign to be murdered. On the other hand, he could not but think of the good position which he held, and of the wealth which he enjoyed under the existing government, both of which he would hazard if he endeavoured to save the lives of the exiled Royalists, an act of duty which must at least free him from the imputation of unworthy motives. Morland, therefore, got Major Henshaw, who had been imprisoned for conspiring against Oliver Cromwell, to send a letter to Charles II. by one of his confidants, to acquaint him "that there might be death in the pot if he ever entered the doors of Western Hanger House." Charles II. received this letter whilst he was drawing on his boots before riding to the water's side in order to embark to England, as Sir Richard Willis had advised him, for the encouragement of his party. The receipt of this important communication induced the king to delay his journey for a few days, for he had no intention of giving it up entirely, being persuaded by Lord Ormond and others that this letter was a stratagem of

the Protector to throw dirt on his beloved favourite, Sir Richard Willis, and thus to spoil his best designs. Major Henshaw himself was, therefore, sent with another letter of warning, and was entrusted by Morland with certain papers, in the handwriting of Sir Richard Willis, proving that the latter had from time to time been discovering to Cromwell's party all the affairs which His Majesty had confided to him. Unfortunately, Morland not only succeeded in proving that Sir Richard Willis had been revealing secrets, but also that another person, who was attached to Charles II., had been receiving money from Cromwell—and thus made a powerful enemy of one who was much favoured after the restoration. The consequence was that Morland got no higher reward for his good deeds to Charles II. than a patent of baronetcy, though he filled during that monarch's reign several offices of trust and responsibility, both with credit to himself and benefit to his country.

As the unpublished autobiography from which the above facts have been taken must have

been seen by many besides myself, it is not easy to explain why the account given in it of the plot for ruining Charles II. and his brothers should differ from the opinions which have been published on that subject both by those who are friendly and by those who are averse to Cromwell's government. Possibly those writers who have contradicted the existence of the plot, and those who have asserted that the Protector and Thurloe were concerned in it, have been alike biassed by party spirit. But whatever may be the cause of these opposite opinions, it appears to me, after reading sundry manuscripts, certain that at least the Protector could not have had any share in that plot of cruelty and perfidy, and that Morland must have frustrated the projects of those who were more unscrupulous than Richard Cromwell.

This view of the subject may explain why a patent of baronetcy, however inadequate to the services of Morland that reward might be, was bestowed on him in the year of Charles II.'s coronation. Altogether, Sir Samuel was no ordinary person. He was rather an able politician. His

attainments in science were remarkable, as is well attested by those numerous inventions of which he was the author or improver. He was zealously attached, too, to the cause of humanity and religion, whether he saved the lives of the Royal family or not, as is clearly shown by the powerful aid which he rendered to the cause of the Waldenses.

While I was thinking on the Vaudois, I met my esteemed Genoese acquaintance, the officer of Garibaldi's staff. I told him that I was obliged to go home without delay, and asked his advice about the route from Genoa to England. He replied that I could journey either by Turin or by the sea-coast. I said that if I went by Turin I should like much to go through those three valleys which have been from time immemorial the stronghold of the Vaudois. In spite of their apparent seclusion, these mountain recesses have been repeatedly the scene of war. The great Napoleon, when he was about twenty-five years of age, gained some of his most brilliant victories in those Alpine regions, and the contending generals gratefully

acknowledged in their despatches the humane treatment of the wounded by the Vaudois, who, as I have remarked already, in their Samaritan acts of charity, made no difference between friend and foe. Those Piedmontese valleys also abound in sublime and beautiful scenery. Religion, History, and Nature have invested them with a triple interest. However, as it would be unsatisfactory to travel through them hurriedly, and as any robust person might be able to reach them in about three days travelling from London, I thought I would defer the visit to a better opportunity. My friend, Colonel C——e, recommended my going home by Nice, thus enjoying the beauties of the Cornice Via, and avoiding the wintry cold of the Alps. Crossing the pass of Mont Cenis in the middle of December would, he said, be very slow and disagreeable; though part of the way, as he informed me, would have to be made in a sledge. As I had never been in such a conveyance, I thought that it would be exceedingly novel and delightful to descend the galleries of the Alps in

one ; so, notwithstanding the remonstrance of my friend, I determined to go home by the pass of Mont Cenis.

CHAPTER X.

SCENERY BETWEEN GENOA AND SERRAVALLE—THE SCRIVIA—THE BORMIDA AND TANARO—FROM ASTI TO TURIN—AN ARTICLE IN “THE LEADING JOURNAL”—THE PASS OF MONT CENIS—ACCIDENT TO “THE DILIGENCE”—SUSA—A LOFTY MOUNTAIN—DESCENT OF THE ALPS IN SLEDGES—LANSLEBOURG—MORNING IN THE ALPS—THE FROZEN ARC—PERSECUTION OF THE VAUDOIS—ARNAUD—THE COLOUR OF THE ARC—AN ALPINE CITADEL—FRENCH SOLDIERS—THE CONQUERORS OF THE ALPS—A TUNNEL THROUGH THE ALPS—THE SOURCE OF THE ARC—THE SCENERY IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF ST. MICHEL—THE RAILWAY THROUGH SAVOY—FEUDAL CASTLES IN BURGUNDY—EFFECTS OF THE SUBDIVISION OF PROPERTY IN FRANCE—FROM THE ALPS TO FOLKESTONE—THE ASPECTS OF NATURE—THE ATTRACTIONS OF SARDINIA—THE INDEPENDENCE AND DISINTERESTEDNESS OF GARIBALDI—HIS INTELLECTUAL ABILITIES AND MORAL CHARACTER.

CHAPTER X.

ABOUT twenty-four hours after my conversation with Colonel C——e, I left Genoa for Turin. In the course of this short journey I passed through a great variety, and even contrariety, of scenery. Between Genoa and Serravalle the country abounds more or less in olive, orange, or chestnut trees, besides vineyards. The hills are lofty, and yet many of them are crowned with wood ; while the base of not a few consists of a succession of verdant slopes. We repeatedly saw the winding, foaming, dashing Scrivia bounding over huge masses of rock, the rush of its waters resounding loudly in our ears whenever the railway carriages slackened their pace or stopped. We traversed several bridges which span this river, and went through the tunnels which pierce the Apennines. More than a month's advance into

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winter seemed to have left no visible trace on the beauty of the scenery between Genoa and Serravalle; for I now recognised the same charms of Nature which I had admired in my journey from England in November. The lofty hills may serve to shelter this part of the country, and screen it from those severe blasts which come from the Alps. Beyond Serravalle the scenery gradually becomes less beautiful, and around Alessandria there is rather a dull, dreary, uninteresting level, watered by the two rivers, Bormida and Tanaro, both very sluggish, and very unlike the dashing and romantic Scrivia. The country seemed far more attractive near Asti, beyond which the rapid succession of vines, hills, and woods rendered our journey very pleasing the whole of the way from thence to Turin.

I remained a few hours at Turin, waiting an opportunity of proceeding to Susa and thence crossing the Alps. In this interval I took up the leading journal. The first article on which my eye glanced was a letter "from our own cor-

respondent," dated Turin, nine days previously, and headed, "The Pass of Mont Cenis." The *genius loci* was highly favourable to the perusal of anything written on such a subject; and altogether the article, which described the crests of Mont Cenis, the heavy sledges, with their sorely-jolted inmates struggling through the fresh-fallen snow, and the wind-storms in the mountains, was very interesting. If I had been at Turin a few weeks later, I might have read a much more interesting article about a narrow part of the road in the pass of Mont Cenis, which was so blocked up, that when the horses, in whose faces a cloud of snow-dust was blowing, tried to drag the diligence over it, that vehicle upset, and slid towards the edge of a precipice—from which unpleasant position Sir William Frazer rescued his fellow-passengers. However, I felt no difficulty in keeping off *ennui* until ten o'clock in the evening, at which time the railway conveyed me to Susa, where I arrived at midnight. A lofty mountain, more than eleven

thousand feet high, which on a former occasion had been revealed to me in the brightness of star-light, was now, no star being visible, clothed with night's thickest mantle. There is much grandeur at Susa; but unfortunately on the night of the 13th December, except some towering pinnacles of snow, all was shrouded in darkness. The weather, too, was cold, and several of the people in the waiting-room appeared vainly endeavouring to fortify themselves against its effects by drinking spirits.

In rather more than an hour we entered the diligence, and proceeded on our journey upwards. While we were ascending, the stars began to unmuffle themselves, and to shed some glimmerings of light upon the surrounding wilderness; but far from sufficient to enable me either to view the crests of the mountains above or to trace the depths of those vast chasms which yawned below. While I was thinking of the mysterious grandeur associated with those depths and heights, the doors of the diligence were opened, and the passengers were requested to

enter sledges. We were then nearly 7000 feet above the level of the sea. Some flakes of snow were falling, and the weather was not at all warm. We hurried to the sledges, and the one which I entered was soon so full of passengers, that it was like a well-packed box, with very little spare room. Once started, we went down the zig-zag galleries of the Alps with great rapidity, save occasionally, when the sledge stuck fast in some depths of snow, a situation in which we made as little progress as that over-laden vessel, the *Umbria*, when she lay too deep in the water after leaving Leghorn. After a short trial of patience, however, we were extricated, and, resuming our journey, made up for the delay, and loss of time, by twisting and turning downwards with even greater rapidity. There is something indeed charming in velocity, whether it be experienced in shooting down a rapid in a boat, or in descending Alpine galleries in a sledge. While sitting at the bottom of the sledge, in the full enjoyment of a species of locomotion so entirely novel to me, I occasionally gazed upwards through the windows to discover

the state of matters outside our well-packed box ; but my eye rested on a monotonous succession of snowy heights and gloomy depths, from which it was a relief to turn to the darkness within.

We left the sledge at Lanslebourg, where we got some reviving cups of warm coffee. Looking around before I entered the diligence, I observed that white was still the prevailing colour, varied only by some streaks of pale gold, yellow, and orange colour, the reflection of the rays of the rising sun on the ice-clad mountains among which the rosy-fingered morn was now distributing her gifts, and it was truly a glorious sight. As the day advanced, I began to see those waterfalls, among the loftiest in Europe, which I had seen in November dashing impetuously downwards, now suspended and silent, arrested by the frost of winter. The Arc, too, which I had seen foaming, chafing, roaring, with a sound almost like that of thunder as it descended in a mighty torrent, now appeared motionless and silent, enchained as it was with ice. As I gazed at it with delight from the inside of a comfort-

able diligence in those secure days of peace, I thought how widely different was my situation from that of the Vaudois when driven from their homes by the persecuting Dukes of Savoy. On some of the shelterless heights of the Alps, not far distant from where I was travelling, had those outcasts wandered in the depth of winter, until, overcome by hardships, they had sunk from exhaustion. Others, grievously wounded by their persecutors, their eyes perhaps plucked out, their limbs cut off, or some other equally shocking barbarity inflicted on them, had been left without food upon these cheerless wastes, while over them

“Triumphant Death his dart
Shook, but delay’d to strike.”

More fortunate was the lot of those who were at once either burned, drowned, hanged, dashed against the rocks, cut to pieces, or in some other expeditious way deprived of life by their intolerant persecutors. The cruelties, however, which were repeatedly inflicted on the Vaudois, as a

penalty for their love of religious liberty, may not only have rendered them fearless, but may also have induced them to regard death, in the words of the poet,

“ As their chief good, and final hope.”

The exclamation of Jacopo di Ronc, in the native dialect of Savoy, “ Piu prest la mort que la Messa,” “ Much rather death than the Mass,” is one of almost innumerable proofs that these courageous men could not be frightened into embracing a faith which was repugnant to their consciences.

On one occasion, in the latter part of the seventeenth century, when the Waldensian inhabitants of the Alpine valleys were ordered by the Duke of Savoy to give up their children to the care of Romish priests, they flew to arms rather than submit to such injustice; but being unfortunately induced, by false promises of kind treatment, to lay them down, they were immediately after treacherously disarmed, and about fourteen thousand

of them were cast into dungeons at Turin, where, by impure air, bad food, and other causes, their numbers were so much thinned that only three thousand emerged to see the light of heaven.

This act of cruelty, however, like all the other persecutions which they had suffered, instead of extinguishing their faith, served only to inflame their zeal, and to make it burn more brightly. The history of these primitive Christians abounds with incontestable proofs of the absurdity no less than the wickedness of intolerance. When most of them were exiled into distant lands by rulers who could not appreciate their excellence, they first spread the seeds of reformation in those countries before they succeeded in regaining their own. I thought of those brave men as I looked at the ice-bound Arc, and of their general, the good Arnaud, who held a commission from the British Sovereign, William III.; for it was in the neighbourhood of the Arc and Iser that he led the Vaudois to the recovery of their native valleys.

While I was thinking of this deliverer of his

countrymen from the yoke of bigotry—the character of Arnaud, so lofty in its virtue, and so pure in its morality, is not unlike that of Garibaldi—the Arc seemed to be ridding itself of its chains of ice, and preparing to rush onward with its native freedom. The colour of this river, which, excepting when it foamed, appeared to be a deep indigo blue, attracted the notice of my fellow-travellers and myself, and, while we were looking at it, it entered a deep gorge, and was for a short time out of view. Before we saw it again, we observed on the opposite side of the gorge a citadel, occupied by a garrison belonging to *la grande nation*, as we soon discovered by the colour of their trowsers, the soldiers of France being as easily distinguished by the brilliant scarlet of that garment as the Highland soldiers of Scotland are by the total want of it!

The position of this isolated citadel did not appear to me altogether congenial to the vivacity of Frenchmen, to whom it must have seemed a little *triste* in comparison with Paris, with its Champs Elysées, its Boulevards, its

Opera Comique. Here, instead of the gay and sparkling, there was only that severe grandeur which is more congenial to the taste of a Scotchman, who, if he meditated crossing into Italy, might in such a spot amuse some of his leisure time with Cesarotti's translation of Ossian's poems.

The monotony here was not so uniform as it was above, for the snow on the mountain sides occasionally made way for large grey masses of rock, which appeared to be separated from each other by long and silver-like icicles. The echo of artillery must have been appalling in these abodes of silence. The pass is narrow, and a hostile force, if it attempted to move onward, might find itself in a most awkward position within easy, or uneasy, reach of the guns of the citadel. The great Napoleon, however, in his campaigns both in the Alps and in the Tyrol, contrived, so great was his genius, to have heavy guns raised to heights above those fortresses, which by nature seemed impregnable, and thus to command them. The reader of Carlo Botta's history will doubtless

remember Napoleon's addresses, in the year 1796, to his soldiers before entering Milan, in which he calls them "Conquerors of the Alps," and tells them that "vain have been the boasted bulwarks of Italy." In these modern days, however, it has been laid down by some generals as a principle, that the garrisons of fortresses often serve to diminish the power and number of an army far more than to strengthen a country, and that it is often a waste both of time and men to attack them. Garibaldi delivered some opinions on this subject lately when we were in Sardinia, but as they may possibly not have been published, I hesitate to repeat expressions which he used to me while I was his guest. I thought of them, however, on seeing, in our descent of Mont Cenis, this Alpine fortress, which report says is to be demolished by the present Napoleon.

Not many hours after we were out of view of that stronghold which engineering skill has raised in the service of war, we came within sight of a work of a different kind which ingenuity equally great is now constructing in the service of peace—a tunnel

of about nine miles in length, through the Alps, which, if successfully terminated, will be one of the greatest triumphs achieved either in war or in peace by the science of the engineer! We caught a glimpse of the works in descending the Alps, and I was told that in the opinion of well-informed persons there are no difficulties in carrying on this great enterprise which may not be triumphantly surmounted. From this laborious undertaking of man I turned with undiminished interest to the impressive works of nature, and followed the bright course of the Arc, as, almost silvered with the rays of the noon-day sun, and often white with the foam which marked its encounter with the feebler impediments of rocks, it descended from its lofty source, the glaciers near the summit of Mount Iseran, more than twelve thousand feet above the level of the sea, and with resistless impetuosity continued to flow, or rather to rush onward, until at last it blended its waters with those of the Iser.

On reaching St. Michel we left the diligence, and some time elapsed before we were

allowed to enter the railway carriage. St. Michel, where we were now deposited, though it bears the name of a town, is so situated as to call to mind the saying of a very rich man, who, on travelling by the Caledonian Canal to Inverness, remarked that "it was nothing but scenery the whole way." Our resting-place lay in a kind of valley or hollow amidst the mountains, into which the sun's rays were darting with some degree of warmth, the Arc, by which it is intersected, reflecting them like a mirror. Mountain seemed to rise above mountain, the Alps towering over all. As we arrived a little after midday, in the month of December, the sun and the snow were contending for pre-eminence. Thus it happened that the towering rocks and the perpendicular sides of the mountains were some of a white and others of a grey or dark and sombre hue. There was grandeur in the scenes around me, and also silence, except where broken by the hoarse-sounding waters of the Arc.

At length we moved onward, and the line of

railway seemed to thread its course through a labyrinth of mountains. I had travelled over the same ground a few weeks before, and I did not observe that any change had occurred in the aspect of the scenery. How different was it with that of the Alps; for there the lofty waterfalls, which, on my way to Caprera, I had observed dashing impetuously downwards, seemed, on my return, locked in ice, and thus rendered motionless. But on the northern side of St. Michel Nature appeared clad only in the same wintry garb which she had worn in November. Railway travelling, however, did not give me the best opportunity of viewing the scenery in this beautiful part of France, for such is Savoy; the old patrimony of Victor Emmanuel's ancestors being now as much the property of Louis Napoleon as it was formerly of his great uncle. Before he was twenty-eight years of age the first Napoleon had won both Nice and Savoy by the fortune of war and the force of his own genius. The present Napoleon has succeeded in annexing them both to France by the arts of diplomacy.

THE SENATOR J. FLACK

[illegible]

not altogether unprofitable. The soil of France is undoubtedly rich, but it is said to be not very advantageous to the owner, because of a system bordering on equality which is enforced by government. There, whatever wealth a man may accumulate as the fruits of his industry, he cannot bequeath it according to his own free will—a law one of the effects of which is to discourage industry, and to convert into idle annuitants and loungers a multitude of persons whose energy, if left free, would have rendered them useful both to themselves and to their country, and another to impoverish the owners of the soil, and make them incapable of developing its resources. Perhaps even the inferiority of taste which is so visible in the *maisons de campagne* and *châteaux* in France, when put in comparison with the country-seats in England, may be one of the results of the forced subdivision of property. In the flourishing days of the Genoese Republic, when the law of primogeniture was most strictly, though freely, observed, the *case di campagna* of those citizens who had been enriched by trade and commerce were embellished with large and

beautiful gardens. In the disposal of property, however, though the law of liberty is infinitely better than the right of primogeniture, the latter is so natural as to require the arbitrary interference of government to prevent its exercise. In France the right of primogeniture has been destroyed by a law which allows a person in most instances to dispose by will of one fourth only of his property, while the remainder is divided equally among his children. Such an arrangement, though it may serve to promote equality, must have a tendency to weaken the force of paternal rule.

While I was indulging in these thoughts, I was being whirled rapidly onwards from Maçon to Paris, whence, after an interval of an hour, I continued my journey homeward, accomplishing it with such rapidity that though, on the 13th of December I was on the Alps, on the day following I was in Folkestone.

Thus ended my excursion to Caprera, which to me, at least, was full of interest. The grandeur of Nature did not seem at all impaired by the dreariness of the season. The scenery, on the

contrary, was sometimes rendered more attractive from being dressed in the wild garb of winter. The principal charm was in the variety of aspects which Nature presented. Amid the winding valleys of the Jura mountains, in Burgundy, and on the frowning precipices of Savoy, she seemed to me gloomy in her attire ; while in the Alps her giant limbs were covered with a robe of snowy white, which south of the Apennines she changed for one of gay embroidery. At Nervi, and other parts of the Riviera di Levante, near Genoa, where groves of orange trees were putting forth fruit, flower, and leaf together, "she seemed drest in gay enamelled colours mixt." The rocks in the Mediterranean were like gems to her robe of azure blue, especially those numerous rocky islands which guard the approach to Caprera, the fragments of pink and red coral tossed on whose shores were indeed no mean ornaments. In the neighbouring island of the Maddalena, the cactus and Moorish fig, together with many other shrubs and trees, were objects pleasing to the eye.

Southward of the rock-bound Corsica, whose

blue-looking mountains, with their snowy summits, had often attracted my notice, lies that island where gardens have lapsed into deserts, and where a population of more than six millions has decreased to about half a million, but in which, spite of neglect and all the defects of former misrule, Nature still in many places luxuriates amidst figs, apples, and grapes, together with orange, lemon, and citron trees, and where beech, cork trees, fine oaks, and even stately palms still flourish. Sardinia has special attractions for travellers of very different tastes and pursuits. To the tourist, she offers in a variety of delightful scenery; to the sportsman, an abundance of wild ducks, wild boar, wild hog, deer, foxes, and other kinds of game; to the agriculturist, a rich soil and a highly favourable climate. Agriculture is still in a very primitive state in Sardinia. Windmills are unknown, and even spades are scarce. The scanty implements of husbandry are of the rudest kind. In short, Sardinia has been richly endowed with the gifts of Nature, but the low price at which land may there be purchased shows that those gifts yet

remain to be appreciated. It seems strange that one of the finest islands in the Mediterranean should be less known than some of those in the Chinese seas; although a journey from London to Porto Torres need not occupy more than six days.

This, however, is by the way. My object was not to see the grandeur of Nature, but to visit Garibaldi, and to fulfil a mission with which I had been entrusted. The time which I spent with the Liberator of Italy served to confirm some of my impressions about his character, and to alter others. I had long considered him as one

“ Whose great delight on deeds of arms was set,
To seek out perils and adventures hard
By sea, by land, where'er they might be met,
Without regard of riches or reward,
Only for honour,” &c.

Disinterestedness and daring have ever been his characteristics. Thus, after his defence of Rome against the French troops, and his refusal to join in the surrender to them, he came to London, on his way to the United States, and resided in the house of a friend, who privately collected the sum of ten

thousand pounds among his admirers. When he was taking leave of his host, he received the offer of this money, but unhesitatingly declined it, and, with a second-class emigrant's ticket for New York, hurried off to the station of the railway by which he was to travel to Liverpool. This, and many other acts of Garibaldi's private life, no less than those of his public career, appear to me to proceed from a mind on which Nature has impressed the stamp of true nobility, and from a heart free from the alloy of mean and selfish motives.

The stirring adventures of Garibaldi's career, especially in South America, not appearing to me to harmonize with quiet and contemplative pursuits, I had regarded him, before my visit to Caprera, as a man of action only; but my sojourn with him there has convinced me that he is also a man of deep thought and extensive reading. A member of a literary club in Pall Mall, whose name I feel tempted to mention because of the weight which must attach to it on such a subject, has assured me, since my return, that Garibaldi is possessed of much intellec-

tual power, and that he so much admired some of his literary efforts, that he would have had them published if the General had not modestly refused his consent.

Warrior as Garibaldi truly is, the term conqueror does not befit a man so gentle. When he broke the sceptre of the Bourbon tyrant at Naples, he did not aspire to sovereignty. Yet how easily could he then have prolonged his rule, not as President, but as Dictator, until he had converted millions of enthusiastic admirers into willing subjects. He had fought triumphantly against superior force, and thus had won the right to rule. Garibaldi, however, has proved himself

“Chief of the few who not for empire fought,
But with their toils the people’s safety bought.”

Great in his triumphs, in retirement he is equally great, happily passing his time in his own little rocky recess near the Straits of Bonifacio, amid the varied occupations of sailing, farming, and reading. Among the numerous rocks and islands which surround Caprera, where there is so much of beauty

to please the eye, there is no room left for *ennui* or weariness to a mind so well stored as that of Garibaldi.

“Æquam memento rebus in arduis
Servare mentem,”

is a lesson which Garibaldi may have been often taught by rough experience, and even from the chastening hand of adversity in former days he may possibly have derived some of his present inward contentment and repose. If it be true that

“The mind is its own place, and in itself
Can make a Heaven of Hell, a Hell of Heaven,”

Garibaldi is probably happy, because his mind is neither darkened by bad passions, nor the current of his thoughts disturbed by irregular desires. Loving Garibaldi, and, therefore, loving truth, I would readily state both his defects and his virtues; but unfortunately the former were not known to me before going to Caprera, and my sojourn there was not sufficient to enable me to discover them, although, in common with all human beings, he no doubt must have some. The

days I passed with the General were memorably happy, for during them I held almost constant intercourse with a man whose character, in a world of prevailing meanness and selfishness, appears as rare as the existence of flowers and verdure in the centre of a desert.

THE END.

13, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET, FEB. 1866.

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